

# IMPROVEMENT ERA



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ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD  
QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S  
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIA-  
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# Poems and Trees

*Poems are made by fools like me,  
But only God can make a tree.*

—KILMER.

Are poets, then, but clownish tools,  
And poesy the sport of fools?

Surely you did not mean it, friend.  
Forgive me, if your thought I mend.

The God who made that lovely tree  
Made poets, too, and poetry.

Who fashioned the majestic oak,  
Through Shakespeare and through  
Wordsworth spoke.

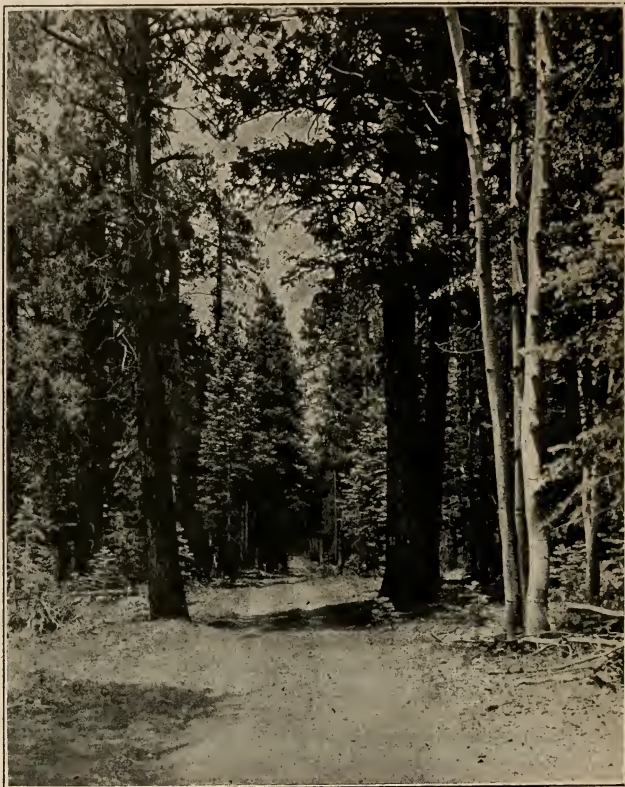
Who planted the uptowering pine,  
Gave form and force to Milton's line.

Folly's creations! Are they so?  
A million voices answer, No.

And none among them will decree  
Kilmer was less than Kilmer's tree.

ORSON F. WHITNEY





### IN THE KAIBAB FOREST

Poems are made by fools like me,  
But only God can make a tree.—*Kilmer.*

\* \* \* \* \*

The God who made that lovely tree  
Made poets, too, and poetry. \* \*  
And none among them will decree  
Kilmer was less than Kilmer's tree.—*Whitney.*



# IMPROVEMENT ERA

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## DIVINE AUTHORITY—STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY\*

BY PRESIDENT CHARLES W. NIBLEY

*My brethren and sisters:* It has always been a considerable task for me, at the general conferences, to address these large gatherings of Latter-day Saints, although I have had many years' experience. Approaching a task of this kind gives one a feeling of awe.

I rejoice in the work that the Lord has accomplished with the help of his Saints, imperfect as most of us are. Under his guidance and direction we have been able to accomplish a great work. I believe that he would say now, as he said to the Church in former days, that he is well pleased with his Church collectively—not individually, but collectively.

### GRATITUDE TO GOD FOR THIS AGE AND NATION

I feel very grateful for the privilege of being here. I often think what a grand thing it is to be permitted to live in the world today—this wonderful age of the world, with its marvelous developments of science and art, and the great progress that has been made from the conditions of the world as they existed two or three hundred, or even a hundred years ago. What a different world! And what a wonderful land of liberty we are living in—a choice land; under the freest and best of all governments on the face of the earth; where there is more security, more protection for the rights and liberties of the people, than there is in any other nation. The hand of the Lord has guided the destinies of this great nation, for he it was who planned it.

He tells us in a revelation to the Prophet Joseph Smith, which we often quote: "I, the Lord, raised up wise men for this very pur-

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\*Address at the October, 1926, general conference.

pose;" that is, to found this government; and it has had divine guidance all the way through. The people here in the United States, even those who are not so well off financially, are housed better, fed and clothed better, and better situated than the rich and well-to-do in most other nations. Never before in all the history of the world has there been a nation like this, of such commanding importance, and yet not desiring anything but what rightfully belongs to it.

#### REVERENCE FOR GOD

I was glad to read the inaugural address of President Coolidge, delivered a year ago last March, particularly the closing paragraph, wherein he showed such reverence for God. He concluded the address with these words:

"America seeks no earthly empire built on blood and force. No ambition, no temptation lures her to thoughts of foreign dominions. The legions which she sends forth are armed, not with the sword, but with the cross.

"The higher state to which she seeks the allegiance of all mankind is not of human, but of divine origin. She cherishes no purpose save to merit the favor of Almighty God."

"She cherishes no purpose save to merit the favor of Almighty God." These words constitute an acknowledgment of God in the affairs of the nation, and a desire to be governed by the spirit of righteousness and justice, to do good and to uphold the principles of freedom.

#### THE STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY

The liberty that we enjoy today has come only after a hard struggle in the world. Four hundred years ago the fight for freedom was on. The reformers, as they are called—Martin Luther, John Knox and others—rose up and protested against the tyranny to which they were subjected. They demanded more liberty. They were few in number compared to the many millions, but under the blessing of the Lord they conquered. Finally, little by little, liberty was conceded to the people by the potentates and popes who then ruled the world; but it was a hard struggle and cost some of the best blood of that period. *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, by Motley, gives a graphic description of the terrible sufferings endured by the Dutch people in this long fight for liberty. For the liberties that we enjoy today we are indebted in large measure to the people of the Netherlands. For many years they fought most valiantly for religious freedom and the extension of the right and liberties of the citizen against all the might and power of Catholic Spain, backed by the Spanish inquisition. They were small in number and weak, indeed, compared to the thousands and tens of thousands of Spanish troops, led by the notorious Duke of Alva. But they finally conquered. Why? Because the guidance

of the Lord was with them, and he gave them his favor and blessing.

A hundred years later the same desire for liberty was again manifested. Oliver Cromwell was raised up, and he fought a good fight and kept the faith. We are also largely indebted to him, and to those who fought with him, for the freedom that exists in America today.

A hundred years after that we find George Washington and the patriot fathers contending for the liberties of the people, and the Lord gave divine guidance to them. They could not have succeeded without his help. His power and his hand were over them.

So, as we heard from President Ivins this morning, it comes about in the progress of the spirit of freedom and liberty that the Lord has prepared the way in this nation for his Church to be established.

#### DISTINCTION BETWEEN DIVINE GUIDANCE AND DIVINE AUTHORITY

But here let me emphasize one thought. To all of these men—Luther, Knox, Cromwell, Washington, and their compeers—there was given divine guidance. But they did not have divine authority. The Lord today gives divine guidance to good people of the world who seek him—and many millions do. It is true that there is a divinity that shapes our ends (and the ends of nations, too), rough-hew them as we will. But he has not given to them divine authority. As we heard this morning, religious denominations sometimes meet together and pass resolutions against us. They are without divine authority. And there is a marked distinction between divine guidance and divine authority. People can see and acknowledge the guiding hand of Almighty God in the formation of this government and in its growth and development. It is plain to many that we have enjoyed his favor as a nation. But as to divine authority, that is different. Let me read from the very first revelation in the book of Doctrine and Covenants:

“And the voice of warning shall be unto all people, (We heard from President Grant this forenoon of the necessity of preaching this gospel to all the nations of the earth) by the mouths of my disciples, whom I have chosen in these last days.

“And they shall go forth and none shall stay them, for I the Lord have commanded them.

“Behold, this is mine authority, and the authority of my servants.”

That is a little different from the divine guidance.

In a revelation given to the Prophet Joseph Smith, when he was only seventeen years of age, in 1823, we read:

“Behold, I will reveal unto you the priesthood, by the hand of Elijah the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord.

“And he shall plant in the hearts of the children the promises made to the fathers, and the hearts of the children shall turn to their fathers.

“If it were not so, the whole earth would be utterly wasted at his coming.”

## DIVINE AUTHORITY CONFERRED BY HOLY MESSENGERS

Was that divine authority bestowed? Let me read another section. On the 15th day of May, 1829, an angel of the Lord, known as John the Baptist when he lived upon the earth in the days of the Savior, appeared to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery and conferred upon them, in these words, the priesthood of Aaron:

"Upon you my fellow servants, in the name of Messiah, I confer the priesthood of Aaron which holds the keys of the ministering of angels, and of the gospel of repentance, and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; and this shall never be taken again from the earth, until the sons of Levi do offer again an offering unto the Lord in righteousness."

Here is divine authority. Do any of our friends or neighbors make such a claim? We know the claim of the Catholic church, and all we say in response is that "By their fruits ye shall know them." These were the words of our Savior, and that is enough on that score. But our protestant friends do not even have that much of a claim. They have a form of godliness, but deny the power thereof. And because they do not have the authority themselves they think no one else has.

I have read to you how the Lord conferred the lesser priesthood upon the Prophet Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery. Let me read from the 27th section of the Doctrine and Covenants. The Prophet Joseph, in preparing for a sacramental meeting in August, 1830, started to go to a neighbor's house to secure wine for the sacrament, because that is what had been used. He was met by a messenger from the Lord and instructed that he need not go for wine; that pure water should be used instead.

"It mattereth not what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink when ye partake of the sacrament, if it so be that ye do it with an eye single to my glory—remembering unto the father my body which was laid down for you, and my blood which was shed for the remission of your sins."

## BY HOLY MESSENGERS

Then this messenger goes on to tell the prophet that the day will come when he, Joseph Smith, would be able to sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, with Moses, with Elias, with others of the ancient worthies and partake of the sacrament, "and also with all those whom my father hath given me out of the world." So some of us may have the privilege of being there. But he said further that the prophet would have the privilege of sitting down "with Peter, and James and John, whom I have sent unto you, by whom I have ordained you and confirmed you to be apostles, and special witnesses of my name, and bear the keys of your ministry and of the same things which I revealed unto them."

Here was divine authority in these last days, conferred by holy



messengers, the same men, Peter, James and John, of whom the Lord Jesus Christ said, in his time: "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you and ordained you." The Lord Jesus himself ordained those three men, and they then came, as I have read, and conferred the holy apostleship upon Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery.

So here is divine authority to act in the name of the Lord. Our claim is that the authority of the priesthood has been conferred upon men and given to this Church which is the Church of Christ. It is not given to the nation. But the nation has had divine guidance, as I have said. Individuals not of our Church may have divine guidance; but divine authority to act in the name of the Lord, to baptize, to lay on hands, to say, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost," as the apostles of old said, and then to have them receive it, that is a different proposition.

#### WITNESSES OF THE BESTOWAL OF DIVINE AUTHORITY

Upon these statements of divine authority we rest our case, as the lawyers say. If these heavenly messengers did not come to Joseph Smith and confer upon him this divine authority, then is our preaching vain and our faith is vain also. But we know, and the world may know also by the fruits of "Mormonism," that there is divine power in this organization. Moreover, we have witnesses. Through Joseph Smith the Lord called three special witnesses, to whom was given the great manifestation of the truth of the Book of Mormon. We have not only three witnesses to the testimony of this divine authority, but we have three hundred thousand of them, and more, that rise up and testify that by the power and influence of the Holy Ghost they know that this is the work of God, that it is the power of God unto salvation. It is not a form of godliness without any power; it is the power of God unto salvation, the salvation of all those who will accept it, in this land and in every other land. That is the difference between this Church and all other churches in the world. We call upon all the world to know that that divine authority is here, in this Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and that it is nowhere else. God bless you. Amen.

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#### "The Great Beyond"

Oh, that I could only look into the  
Great Beyond,  
And see the mysteries revealed  
therein,  
And read them as an open book!  
If I could see the beauties over there,  
Behold the grandeur unsurpassed,  
This life would seem indeed complete.  
I feel there is a superhuman power  
*Preston, Idaho.*

That guides my footsteps o'er the  
snares  
And pitfalls of this life;  
And if I list to whisperings  
Of that still small voice,  
That watches o'er my path,  
I shall, when day is spent,  
Go view the Sunset of Eternity.  
*ANNA JOHNSON.*

# JOSEPH SMITH AND THE GREAT WEST

*How the Situation was Created Between Rival American and British  
Fur Hunters Which He Proposed to Solve by a  
Migration Westward of His People*

BY I. K. RUSSELL, AUTHOR OF "HIDDEN HEROES OF THE ROCKIES"

## XIV

I will now give you my opinion in relation to this matter [of Congress authorizing Joseph Smith to head a migration of Americans, including his own persecuted Church followers to Oregon]. It is that Congress will pass no act in relation to Texas or Oregon at present. She is afraid of England, afraid of Mexico, afraid the presidential election will be twisted by it. The members all appear like unskillful players at checkers,—afraid to move, for they know not what way to move advantageously.—*Orson Hyde in a letter to Joseph Smith*, dated at Washington, D. C., April 25, 1844. Apostle Hyde was at Washington with Orson Pratt as a Church agent to forward Congressional action authorizing Joseph Smith to lead the American way to the Far Northwest.

I instructed the Twelve Apostles to send out a delegation and investigate the location of California and Oregon, and hunt out a good location where we can remove after the temple is completed, and where we can build a city.—*Diary of Joseph Smith*, Feb. 12, 1844.

The great Inland Empire of the Far West is so easily thought of today as just naturally American, that it is hard for the present generation to visualize a time the British flag ruled at the Great Salt Lake and the title America conceded to Mexico, for this country was laughed at by bold Scotch leaders, hardly less tribesmen than the Indians whom they taught to help them drive and keep the "Boston men" east of the Rocky Mountains.

We know that the wagon road over which Americans rolled into the Far West headed on the west bank of the Mississippi, at Montrose, just opposite Nauvoo—if the travelers were from the North—and at Independence, if they were men of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri. We know that the roads converged and passed down Echo and Emigration canyons for Utah and California, or turned northward down the Bear River Valley if the traveler was bound via Fort Hall and the Snake River to Oregon. We know that the verdure of the Bear River Valley saved thousands of emigrant outfits from disaster. There their cattle recuperated for the hard pull over the Blue Mountains, and the weeks of resting the emigrant trains there seemed, to the weaker and more worn among them, as days in Paradise. Thus Soda Springs and Bear River became famous long before the first settler's plow turned a furrow within that region.

There is a charm in the names of all this country's mountains, for they give us precious keys to the kind of conflicts that were waged. There is Mt. St. Helens, Mount Hood, and Mt. Ranier—all in

American territory, but all named for members of the British nobility. There is Ogden's Hole, named for a Scotch clansman, who brought the flag of British dominion to our own Great Salt Lake, and there is Ross' Hole, far to the northward, where Alexander Ross held forth at an outpost of British power.

"Congress fears England," they explained in Washington to Joseph Smith's agents when he first proposed to set up Montrose as the head of a great wagon road to the West, which it afterwards precisely and exactly became.

How did that come about, if Captain Gray of the American ship *Columbia* discovered the Columbia River, if Lewis and Clark explored it, under charter from President Jefferson of the United States, and John Jacob Astor settled an American colony on its banks to make good the three requisites of title theretofore universally recognized—discovery, exploration, and settlement?

The story is worth telling, in relationship to the life of Joseph Smith, for he lived out his years of leadership on the American frontier where the issue, being waged among the fur hunters farther west, first echoed home to American ears. There is something odd in this connection about the religious body of which Joseph Smith became the head. It is something the world little understands. Yet to me it is the heart of the charm of being one of the people whose culture is based upon Joseph Smith's life work.

#### PRACTICAL RELIGION BASED ON SERVICE

That something is that the Prophet Joseph planned for no paid clergy, and no aloof, separated, clerical class. His was a religion without a cloth. Just as I write these words there appears in the October number of an American magazine a discussion of the life of Senator Reed Smoot. It speaks in wonderment of the fact that he was once an apostle and drug store owner, once apostle and woolen mill manager, once apostle and farmer, and now is apostle and senator.

It is hard for the world to conceive of a high religious official who is yet a humble toiler in this world's affairs. Just so they wonder at Joseph Smith leading a great people and still planning to set up a boarding house as a means of obtaining personal revenue. It is beautiful to consider that they might note the same status as to anybody and everybody in the Church, just as they may hear sermons opposing priestcraft from any one of the apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

It was, then, under the conception of religion held by Joseph Smith, perfectly natural for a religious leader to preach to his people on Sundays and on week days engage in all the normal activities of an American citizen and pioneer. Joseph thought of the issues around him—of all of them that affected the life of America and the lives of his people. Andrew Jackson had been a great president—he had

stamped out fires of sedition—the fires that thirty-odd years later started the Civil War. So Joseph Smith praised and loved him. He saw that his successors had all been mere tools of the pro-Slave oligarchy and he felt sad about them and wrote of them as destroyers of his beloved country.

And it was perfectly natural, too, for him to give his time to thinking of the issue of the Far West, then rampant, and of the way he would solve it—by taking over to the west coast all who might wish to join him, whether of his own congregation or not. Just so the first “Mormon” apostle I ever knew intimately could handle a scraper as well as any scraper hand, and I saw him do it in making the ditch connecting the Big Horn settlements with their irrigating water supply in the Big Horn River. The second apostle I came to know personally could throw a lasso with the best of the cowboys in the Wind River range, and he taught me a few of the tricks of roping and branding colts. Another I knew had slept out of doors in the open without tent or accompanying wagon, in every Far Western state from the Mexican border to the Canadian. And away back in the sixties he had blessed that country, in prayers in which he knelt alone in desert stretches, to the later settlement of the Saints. And this was long before the swarming of the Utah hive over into Idaho, Arizona, Montana, and Colorado.

I rode with him, Brigham Young, Jr., as he pointed out spots where in 1901, when we made this journey, splendid “Mormon” settlements had sprung up at spots he had dedicated for such growth almost half a century earlier.

Only to one outside of the Church spirit, then, is there anything strange or incongruous in the activities of the Prophet Joseph Smith as an American intent on settling the Oregon question by speedy American settlement in force—overwhelming force of numbers, with axe, plow, seeds, and rifle in hand.

At Nauvoo there is a remarkable house—half log, half frame. The frame half of that house is to me the most beautiful tribute to the memory of Joseph Smith that I have ever seen. The house stands just on the crest of the hill that forms the immediate bank of the Mississippi. Down the hill a little ways lies the grave of Joseph Smith under a clump of lilac bushes. The beautiful part of this house is the frame part—not the log part.

For the log part was one some hunters and trappers had built before Joseph made his stand at Nauvoo. Into the log part he moved his wife and his mother, when he sought refuge there from the drivings in Missouri. But to this house were carried the sick and the afflicted of his people. It is a wonderfully Christian thing for one so to live that the sick will wish to be carried to him for comfort. Joseph was their comforter. His first act in the building

up of Nauvoo was to build on the frame section of the house—not for himself or his family—but for the sick and the weary and those without shelter. It was where the hurt and driven of Missouri first were comforted.

As I stood at the well in front of it, refreshing myself with its cool water, a man came up who sneered that he had just seen a “‘Mormon’ priest of the high order of Melchizedek.” What made him sneer was that this “‘priest of the high order of Melchizedek’” was atop a hay wagon in overalls harvesting hay in a field at Nauvoo. He couldn’t understand it.

“Yes,” I suggested, “every adult ‘Mormon’ practically is a priest of the same high order. And not one of them in his call to the priesthood ever had to get off his hay wagon. The call never brought a living with it. That was so at the beginning, for Joseph Smith laid down to his people a gospel, and earning their own livings was an essential part of it. They were not to make merchandise of men’s souls. Right down there is the Nauvoo House where he was going himself to board strangers to make his own living.” I pointed to a modern brick superstructure on an ancient foundation of cobble stones.

And I added, “Joseph Smith not only prepared to keep himself financially, but he never gave over his citizenship to ecclesiastical service. He honored both, for he did his duty under the law requiring military service at the time, and organized a Nauvoo Legion at the head of which he proposed to carry American interests on over to capture our Far West, and make us an ocean-to-ocean nation.”

“Oh, that was inevitable,” this stranger replied, “there was nothing there but savages and rattlesnakes. It could not have lain desolate for much longer than it did.”

“Savages, and the British of the Hudson’s Bay Company,” I retorted, “and the British war ship *Wasp*, with its Captain Gordon and his 500 marines, under orders to keep all Americans in the Mississippi Valley, as their Far West limit.”

And so, sitting down beside Joseph Smith’s first Nauvoo home, I read over again the pages of Brigham H. Roberts’ *Rise and Fall of Nauvoo*, in which Joseph Smith’s discussions of the Far Western problem are recorded. It was fine to read of the spirit of Christ that pervaded them all, with its meekness and its spirit of “come, all ye that labor and are heavy laden.” He wished the heavy laden to flee oppression and savage cruelty, as it was evidenced on all sides—as it soon was to make him, even, a martyr at Carthage, just a little distance to the south-eastward.

#### ALEXANDER ROSS’ STORY

And so from the writings of Joseph Smith, I turned to those of Alexander Ross, the Scotch lad who was with the first Americans to



set up an American colony in the Far West, and who gave his name to Ross' Hole, as his friend and intimate associate, Peter Skene Ogden, gave his name to the next Southward British outpost—Ogden's Hole.

It seems doubly appropriate to go back of the work of Joseph Smith for the Far West to that of Alexander Ross, for Ross tells us in terms of such sharp contrast what cruelties ruled, at that time, the minds of men in authority—what a man possessing authority thought his right to do, in contrast to the way Joseph drew those to him who needed comfort and succor. It was a Rule of Fear against the Christian Rule of Love.

Let us then glimpse at that journey to Oregon in which Alexander Ross participated under American auspices in 1810-11, remembering as we do so that he soon transferred his allegiance to British auspices, and carried on for them for many years in what is now the American Far West, after American authority had been driven out during the War of 1812.

Yes, the War of 1812 had its Utah chapter. It opened the way for creating the British outpost at Ogden's Hole, and for the erection of British forts at Spokane, Boise, Walla Walla, Okanogan, and on the Portneuf, with a great mother post for them all at Fort Vancouver, Washington, erected in the early twenties. It opened also, the way for the discovery of Bear Lake by a Scotch leader for the British, and for their use of our Cache Valley as a place to bury their furs until enough were gathered to justify a mile-long horse cavalcade from the banks of Bear River to the navigable stretches of the Columbia. Such annual horse caravans went steadily from Utah country to Vancouver from 1824 on, until the coming of Brigham Young's pioneers in 1847.

The story which Ross leaves us of the genesis of it all gives us also a fine picture of the disastrous folly of cruelty in leadership, against which Joseph Smith's life was so wonderfully a Christian adventure. Ross and his associates, among whom he was only a minor subordinate, set sail from New York on the Ship *Tonquin*, Sept. 6, 1810. There were 33 passengers aboard, all going out under the auspices of John Jacob Astor to found an American post at the mouth of the Columbia. Most of them were Canadian fur hunters, for Astor had recognized their skill in this business and had gained his inspiration to found the enterprise while watching such fur hunters in the vicinity of Montreal.

#### CRUELTY OF THE SHIP'S CAPTAIN

To command his vessel, Mr. Astor had obtained a leave of absence for Captain Jonathan Thorn of the American navy. Thorn had fought the Tripoli pirates, but always in his naval career he had been a subordinate. The first quarter-deck he trod as master was that of the *Tonquin*. And there he felt that the prevailing code made

it necessary to inflict every possible human cruelty on weak subordinates in the name of "discipline."

The passengers aboard he would not speak to, but lived aloof and alone on his quarter deck. The passengers retaliated by holding their own conversations in Scotch, if they were senior partners in the enterprise; and in French, in case of the minor clerks, who were French Canadians. They gave him their own versions of "the silent treatment."

Finally, as they neared Cape Horn they ran short of water and put ashore at the Falkland Islands to obtain a supply. On shore some of the ship's passengers discovered unkept graves of their own countrymen with broken headstones of identification. They set about to restore the grave marker over the grave of one Benjamin Peak, of Providence, R. I., who had died while a member of the crew of the ship *Elenora*. But while thus engaged the last cask of water was taken aboard, and Captain Thorn refused to wait a minute for the missing men. He ordered up the anchor and planned to leave them to their fate. You see he had none of the spirit of the Utah pioneers, or of those rescued and established at Nauvoo after the Missouri drivings.

The bereft men set out in a gig to follow the ship—and followed despairingly until darkness and a storm shut them out from view. But on board the *Tonquin* there was insurrection. One bold Scotchman, Robert Stuart, who two years later became leader of the party that discovered our Bear River and named it Miller River, drew his pistol on the captain.

"Turn about," he said, "and pick up those men or you are a dead man this instant." That was strong medicine at sea—but Captain Thorn broke under this threat of a killing, and put about. The men were picked up and the ship proceeded. A little later other incidents of a like character afford us the contrast by which to judge the sweetness and nobility of spirit in our own people's pioneering.

At the Hawaiian Islands a sailor was sent ashore for provisions, and did not return on the native boat carrying them. He came a minute later in another boat. The captain felt he must be "disciplined," and to do it jumped upon him personally with a blacksnake whip. He whipped him mercilessly on deck and then hurled him overboard into the sea. He would let no person aboard throw him a line or help him back on deck. As this was a member of the crew, the passengers did not make it their battle.

The ship sailed away leaving this sailor thus bereft, although they saw the natives rescue him and take him aboard a canoe. A friendly mate secretly slipped his bundle of clothing out of a port hole thinking he might have to live or die on a friendless shore, bereft and naked. What actually befell him no one knows.

## FIRST MATE AND OTHERS DROWNED

The last cry those on the *Tonquin* heard from him was his cry that he would have Captain Thorn up for an accounting when once again they met "in the states." But there was to be no such meeting. Captain Thorn was sailing speedily to disaster and death at the hands of furious natives.

The ship reached the mouth of the Columbia on March 22, 1811. And there the vengeance-hunting captain ordered the mate, who had mercifully passed out the shunned sailor's clothes at the Sandwich Islands, to go forward in a small boat to make soundings. It was an order bound to mean sure death—for the water ahead was churned up by a storm and was breaking furiously over the Columbia River bar. The mate pleaded for delay until the storm abated. The Captain breathed fire upon him—and stood upon his rights as commander. The mate, a Mr. Fox, obeyed orders. And with four men, only one of whom was an experienced sailor, he went aboard a small boat to row into the raging waves. Soon those on the *Tonquin* saw a signal of distress—the small boat was sinking. But no notice was taken of it, no help was offered. The second mate remonstrated—and was sent below for his pains. All on board had been aware that the plucky first mate knew of his impending death, for he had bidden all an affectionate farewell and had told them they would never see him alive again. His father had died there, as a sailor, he said, and he was going to offer his own bones to the same furious waves. The boat sank, and a gloomy group was left to found the first American settlement on the Pacific.

The storm abated after two days, the *Tonquin* crossed the bar with some bumpings upon a reef, after the loss of another boat and part of its crew, whom the Captain likewise refused to succor, although passengers and crew unitedly begged him to do so.

## CAPTAIN THORN KILLED

As for Captain Thorn, he sailed northward, minus all of his crew who could possibly avoid going with him. Off Vancouver's Island he was visited by native chiefs who brought furs to trade. He threw one overboard when he named a price not to the Captain's liking. After several days came the same chief with furs for which he would now accept the Captain's price. He was welcomed aboard; so were his followers. From each bundle of offered furs they drew weapons at a given signal and Captain Thorn fell, thrice pierced by native knives. His own pocket knife, which he had opened at the sudden onslaught, did some little execution, as he expired. Officers and men were all killed or wounded. And the natives swarmed aboard after a day of watching the ship drift about, to loot the vessel's stores. Some wounded sailor below reached the powder magazine and touched

it off. The ship burst into a thousand pieces and the natives later reported their own loss at more than 200 warriors.

But the end of Captain Thorn and the ship was not the end of this American adventure. The thirty men under American leadership left at Astoria began to cut down trees, erect a shelter, palisade it, and set up a trading post. Slowly there straggled in during the Winter and Spring of 1811-12, recruits who had come overland by way of the Missouri, the Teton pass, and the Snake River.

We think of pioneer Washingtonians and Oregonians as natural woodmen. But note this narrative of the first tree in the Far West Americans ever tried to cut down. It is from the diary of Alexander Ross:

"It would make the cynic smile to see this pioneer corps, composed of traders, shop-keepers, voyagers, and Owyhees, all ignorant alike in this new walk in life, and the most ignorant of all, the leader. Many had never handled an axe before and but few knew how to use a gun. But necessity, the mother of invention, soon taught us both. After placing our guns at some secure place at hand, and viewing the height and the breadth of the tree to be cut down, the party erected a scaffold around it; this done, four men mounted the scaffold and commenced cutting at the height of eight or ten feet from the ground. At every other stroke a look was cast around to see that all was safe. When nearly cut through the tree would be viewed fifty different times and from as many different positions, to ascertain where it was likely to fall and to warn parties of the danger. There is an art in felling a tree but unfortunately none of us had learned that art. And hours together would be spent in conjectures and discussions: one calling out that it would fall here; another, there. But, alas! when all hands were assembled to witness the fall, how we were disappointed! The tree would still stand erect, bidding defiance to our efforts while every now and then the most impatient or foolhardy would venture to jump on the scaffold and give a blow or two more."

These fathers of the great foresters who came after them, thus painfully learned the Pioneering Way.

#### WAR OF 1812 AND BRITISH ACTIVITIES

They flew the Stars and Stripes at last over a finished post, a replica of some parts of which may now be seen nestling in a forest that has grown up again back of the present city of Astoria.

But bad news overwhelmed them: the War of 1812 had broken out, and news of it came to Astoria via Montreal and the Saskatchewan River. British fur hunters brought it, with the additional news that a British fleet had been ordered to Oregon to blow up the American fort. Would those in charge sell the goods to the Northwest Company of Montreal before warships should come and capture them? Or would they wait—and lose all?

There was trader's cunning in the guile with which John George McTavish bargained the Americans into a sale, for if the warships took the American post then its goods would be a sailor's prize and would

be rich loot for the fleet commander. If British subjects already owned them—the Northwest Company would be in the saddle in the American stronghold; with full trading outfit!

The sale was made November 12, 1812. And from that date on Britishers began to pour down into the Columbia country, claiming dominion, and pressing out to the South and East, to our Utah territory. They sought the peltries of the Snake River branches, the Green River country, and the Uintahs. Many of their men nearly perished in the alkali deserts north of Great Salt Lake as they sought fur-bearing rivers. Ogden, their greatest leader in these researches, discovered and named Mt. Shasta and discovered the Humboldt River, which he named the Jo Paul in honor of one of his men who died beside it. He traced with his lodge poles the route of the Central Pacific through Nevada to the Sierras.

The finishing touches to Astoria were applied by the British ship *Racoon*, a sloop-of-war of 26 guns, Captain Black commanding, which drew up opposite the American post, December 1, 1812.

"Ho, ho, and so this is the American fort I was sent out to capture," he snorted contemptuously as he came ashore and looked over its wooden palisades and blockhouses. Knowing nothing of the Indian warfare they were built for, he voiced an opinion: "Why, I could batter those all down in half an hour with my four pounders."

Having no need to do that, Captain Black ran up a British Union Jack where the Stars and Stripes had flown, broke a bottle of rum over the flag staff, and proclaimed the "whole country British territory."

Some of the American Company's employees, who were Britishers by birth and allegiance, hung on, taking service, as did Alexander Ross, with the Northwest Company. But those who were American-born retreated out of Oregon by ship to Alaska or to Mexico, and thence overland, or by canoe up the Columbia and down the Saskatchewan to Montreal. How Stuart, McClelland and Crooks and a party of three others, who left with messages before the news of the war reached the Columbia, broke the trail for the great Wagon Road to Oregon we have already told in detailing their adventures in Utah and out by a weirdly circuitous route through the South Pass, to St. Louis.

We will have much to do with these men in the future development of our story. For they haunted Congress with the view that the Great West was worth redeeming; they haunted the Peace Commission at Ghent with pleas to have the Columbia country restored to America—the victorious nation in the war as a whole. And they haunted the fur merchants of New York and St. Louis with the word that there were riches in the Rockies and beyond—riches for which America must not give over the seeking.



Thus a thirty years' war of rival fur traders was precipitated, with Britishers pouring in from the Saskatchewan-Columbia trail, and Americans by way of the Platte, the Sweetwater, and the Bear, to contest every foot of the ground. It was into the final stages of this war that Joseph Smith proposed to project his Nauvoo Legion as a force of law and order with 100,000 American settlers to back it up. How events rolled on until he saw that it was time to take decisive action will be told in the coming chapters.

*Chicago, Ill.*

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## The Witness

More sure than what I see or hear or measure,  
Is the spirit's witness to the truth revealed—  
More precious far than any earthly treasure,  
Are the covenants by keys of Priesthood sealed.

The perfect guide, through life to point the way,  
Is freely given to each repentant soul;  
It fills with purpose our beclouded day,  
Disclosing whence we came and what our goal.

The great Archangel came, with glorious Eve,  
And ate the fruit which genders mortal flesh,  
That waiting spirits might new powers achieve  
And here pursue their destiny afresh.

We walk by faith and, using, gain its power;  
And here we learn by contrast wrong from right:  
We add the body to the spirit's dower  
And train its strong desires with growing might.

This life's a test—a time of quick unfolding—  
In which we make or mar our destiny,—  
Creative urge and new-found freedom holding—  
Our adolescence in eternity.

Lest death our hopes destroy, with love divine  
Our loving Father sent his first-born Son  
To bear the shame and guilt that's yours and mine—  
And cleansed, each temple from its grave is won!

As a mother knows, when joy her heart has filled,  
That she loves her babe close-folded to her breast,  
So I know, when my soul's illumed and thrilled,  
That prophets speak the truth at God's behest.

*Hollywood, Calif.*

WALTER W. MORRISON.

## HEARTS AT EASE

BY MINERVA PINKERTON TROY

The thought that she was selfish had never entered Mazie's pretty little golden head. Life had always brought to her exactly what she wanted, and she had accepted it as her just and rightful portion. Her adored and adoring parents, to whom she had come late in life, had never ceased to marvel, and to wonder if she were not actually only a precious loan, given for a little while that they might taste the rapture Heaven held for them. In her beautiful home she had ruled as an absolute monarch, not as a tyrant, to be sure, that was never necessary, as her slightest wish had been anticipated and obeyed even before she herself fully realized what it was. Then had come Glen, and even now a lovely color spread shyly over her cheeks and her eyes grew misty as she remembered the perfect joy of those few short months of courtship which had led to the wonderful day in the great Temple when she had become his wife forever.

She was very much in love with her big, handsome, twenty-year-old husband, but, perhaps unconsciously, more in love with her dear, little eighteen-year-old self, and as she walked slowly down the long, shady lane which led to the mail box, a little smile played around her lips as she thought of the care-free, happy life that had been hers.

Always before her thoughts had ended with the all-sufficient present, but today they ran on and on into a beautiful, rosy-hued future, and grew into dreams upon which were founded wonderful air castles, wherein she dwelt with her court of subjects—Glen, her parents, and her long train of friends and admirers, which included all of the inhabitants of the rambling little village in which she had been born, and had lived all her life, except for winters of schooling and occasional summer visits in the great, near-by city.

In her dreams she had been always the central figure, and all else had revolved around her, ready to do her bidding, or come at the motion of her hand. Today, however, she was in fancy, willingly, gladly sharing her throne, her homage and her power, and her eyes grew wistful and glowed with a beautiful, new light as she looked into the future and beheld this new regent, to whose wish even she would bow, and feel as if she were receiving a blessing in being granted the service.

Sometimes it was a healthy, rugged, rosy-cheeked boy who ruled her fairyland of dreams, and sometimes a fair, delicate replica of herself, but for perhaps the first time in her life, she had formed no wish in the matter, she had left it in God's hands and felt that his will would be best for her, and—half reluctantly she added—for Glen. She

had not told her precious secret to any one yet, she wanted to hoard it for herself just a little while longer, to feel that she alone of all the world knew of the great blessing which was to be sent to her and the ones she loved best.

Mazie loved this beautiful, winding lane. Every tree and stone in it brought from the happy past memories of some baby pleasure or girlish joy that she had known here. Even before she could walk so far she had claimed the privilege of getting the mail each evening, and her father had carried her on his shoulder and held her up to get the letters. This quiet walk had always seemed to Mazie like mother's good-night kiss—a sweet, pure benediction, which sealed a well-spent day, and ushered in a calm, peaceful night.

The mail carrier had not yet come when she reached the letter box, for both the small gray man and his big gray horse had grown old in the service. Usually this would have delighted Mazie, and she would have walked up the road until she met him, then demanded a ride, in the box-like vehicle back to her home lane, but now she wanted to be alone, to dream her dreams with no alien thoughts to interrupt or infringe, so crossing the road, she opened the sagging gate, and walked slowly down the almost overgrown path which led to "the little brown house."

Mazie had always called it "the little brown house" and had peopled it, in her childish imagination, with fairies, goblins, sprites, kidnaped children, gypsies, and every sort of mysterious inhabitant that her busy brain could invent. Even yet, she more than half believed that there was some hidden charm about the tiny, weather-stained cottage hidden among the tall trees in the sheltered hollow, and she always came here to rejoice in and live anew the happiest moments of her life—her graduation with such high honors, Glen's loving her and wanting her for his wife, her father's taking Glen into partnership so that she need not leave her old home, and now this glorious new joy, which made all the others seem as stars at the rising of the sun.

Still musing, she subconsciously noted that a wagon had recently passed along the little-used road, leaving broken plants and bruised vines in its wheel tracks, and she vaguely hazarded a supposition that some beauty-loving home maker had driven through this way to the woods for wild vines or shade trees.

Humming softly, she rounded the last turn, and stopped with a gasp of surprise, for smoke was issuing from the squatty rock chimney, snowy curtains fluttered from the open windows, and the rich, dark soil before the cottage had been spaded and marked off into queer little zigzag patterns which looked to Mazie like the pictured canals of Mars she had seen in her father's big astronomies.

Wonderingly she drew nearer, still studying the odd-shaped plots of cultivated ground. It was very evident that they had been care-

fully planned and painstakingly tended, for each angle was sharply defined and every curve accurate, while the level, dark surface showed the result of recent sprinkling, with here and there the print of a smoothing hand.

"I'll never doubt fairies again," Mazie whispered, incredulously; "but I don't see why even fairies should shape their flower beds like Chinese laundry marks. I wonder—"

With Mazie, to wonder had always meant to find out, and without a thought of what the consequence might be, she stepped carefully between two of the puzzling plots, walked quickly up to the little house and rapped at the open door.

A light step sounded within, and the next moment she found herself looking down into a pair of the bluest eyes which twinkled and gleamed beneath the curliest silver hair, and above the sweetest, most winning smile that Mazie had ever seen or imagined.

For an instant she stood, looking deep into the blue eyes and giving smile for smile, while through her mind flashed a line from an old copy-book verse—"And when you smile, another smiles," then, catching her breath, she began, "I don't know what you'll think—I hope you'll pardon my rudeness, but—your flower beds, what strange shapes—I simply couldn't imagine—would you please tell me?"

She paused in embarrassment, and in a voice which Mazie declared exactly matched the silvery hair, the little gray lady in the doorway answered, "Sure I'd be telling you in a minute, Dearie, but if you'll just be looking at them from here you'll be finding the answer for yourself, and you know that's always fair and always the better plan."

Mazie turned, and from the porch looked again toward the freshly spaded earth; then gave a little cry of surprise and delight, for, viewed from this angle, the hitherto meaningless jumble of curves and lines fell, as if touched by a magic wand, into ten perfect, symmetrical letters which formed a graceful semi-circle before the cottage door.

"H-E-A-R-T-S-E-A-S-E," she spelled out, softly, "and I'm just sure," she continued impulsively, "that you have planted pansies. Please don't tell me differently. It would break my heart."

"Of course they're heartsease, dearie, pure white ones, and big, velvety purple; every color and shade, but each a beautiful picture by the Great Master. He made the royal rose to please the eye, the sweet clove pink to delight the nose, the buttercups and daisies to fill baby hands, and even the lowly dandelion to brighten waste places; but the pansies, it seems to me, are his own special messengers, they comfort the sorrowing and bring peace to aching hearts."

I've never had a real heartache of sorrow, except when my husband went away," Mazie smiled, "but I've always loved pansies. They're so plucky and dependable, so all-the-year-roundable."

"Your husband?" and the old, blue eyes twinkled with merriment. "Dear child, you'll be trying to make me believe that you've just tucked your six children into bed, while you slipped out to take the evening air!"

"O, no," protested Mazie, laughing, "but I have really been married for almost a year, and two months ago Glen, my husband, was called on a mission. At first I felt rebellious, we were so happy, but when I tried to think of another man in the ward who could have been spared better, I couldn't do it; for you see, I've always been such a baby that I wouldn't hear of leaving father and mother, so Glen simply had to come and live with us. I get awfully lonesome for him, but he writes often, and I try to be as patient as I can. I am sure to have a letter from him tonight, and came early for the mail—that is how I chanced to wander here; this has always been a sort of fairyland to me."

"I'm glad that chance led you in my direction, and I hope that finding my pansies and me won't banish the fairy charm for you; but come in, child, come in. You are my first caller, except the good man who sold me the place and helped me to get settled, and here I'm keeping you standing while I talk of my flowers, for all the world like a proud mother telling the neighbors about the only baby's cunning ways."

When they were seated in the immaculate, though tiny, sitting room, the little lady resumed in a half chiding, half whimsical voice, "And you're calling it a sorrow to have a dear husband away on an errand for the Great Father, while you bide the time here with loving parents and await his homecoming? I might wish for you, Dearie, that you'll never know worse, but I've lived a long while, and I've come to know that we never really know life till we've lived it in all its phases, and we never truly love God till we've been to him with our hearts purged pure by great sorrow and much suffering. You know, love, there must always be clouds to make a glorious sunset."

"What a beautiful thought," Mazie exclaimed, and repeated softly, "There must always be clouds to make a beautiful sunset, then I'm afraid I'll not have a very gorgeous one, for so far I've never had a real cloud, just a tiny mist now and then, which someone climbs right up and shoos away for me."

"Don't fret about that, little girl-wife, there'll be plenty of time for clouds, before the sun of your life sets. The great thing for you to do is to live these blessed sunshiny days in such a way that, when the clouds do come, you can meet them bravely, and turn them to gold instead of letting their grayness envelop you. I'm not preaching to you, child, I lived in the dull, dreary clouds for years, but I'm trying now, with the help of God and my pansies and my



memories and my hopes, to shine through and tinge them with gold and silver."

"You have had a great sorrow?" ventured Mazie, timidly, and was surprised at her own question, for she had always shunned even the recitation of anything gloomy or depressing, but now she leaned forward and eagerly awaited the answer, which came, utterly devoid of self-pity, full only of patient resignation and perfect trust.

"Life has been full of sorrows for me, dear child; I've seen my loved ones suffer and die, I've faced poverty and want, I've passed through 'most every kind of trial that mortals are heir to, but I've learned one great truth from it all—no sorrow bites deeper nor lasts longer than the one we bring upon ourselves. It seems sometimes, even yet, that God could not forgive me, though it's been two years, and I've surely wiped out the sin with the suffering it has brought me."

She seemed to have forgotten her listener, and sat, looking through the open door toward the pansy beds, but with such a far-away, dreamy expression that Mazie knew she was seeing in fancy a scene long past or far distant.

"He was all I had left," the quiet old voice continued, "and it seemed that I loved him enough to make up for all the ones that had been laid away. I had always taught him to speak the truth and to be honest and honorable, but I could not see the need of joining a church, and of course I expected him to see everything as I did. He was only eighteen years old when he came home one evening and told me he had become converted to a religion which we had always considered a menace to civilization; he asked my consent to his being baptized and tried to explain some of its doctrines to me, but in my outraged pride and blind jealousy because he had put the teachings of someone else ahead of mine, I told him to leave my house and go to some of his new-found associates. I forgot that the house we lived in had been paid for mostly by his earnings; I did not stop to consider that I had taught him from babyhood always to rely on his own judgment, and to choose the right in all things, no matter what the opposition; I knew only that the boy I worshipped with my whole heart and for whom I had planned such a brilliant future, had brought disgrace upon himself and me, by joining—O, you've guessed it, I'm sure, love, by joining the 'Mormons'."

Mazie recoiled as if someone had struck her a blow in the face. Never in all her sheltered life had she dreamed that anyone in this day could so hold in contempt the Church to which she had belonged all her life. She had read of the bitter hardships and trials through which the pioneers had passed, but could not associate in her mind the prosperous, populous Church of which all of her friends and relatives were members with the once despised, persecuted pioneers who had builded the foundation upon which it had grown. More

impossible, it seemed to her, was the thought of connecting this sweet-faced old lady with the cruel, ignorant mobs who had heaped insult and injury upon the first Latter-day Saints.

Almost unconsciously Mazie stood up and took a quick step toward the door. It never occurred to her to defend the truths and principles which had always formed so large a part of her life, she only wanted to run away, but in her brain was already forming a plan by which her dear, gentle mother and her brilliant, wise father could meet this charming, though hopelessly prejudiced, little lady and prove to her, by their own gracious examples, that they were not the menace to mankind her imagination had pictured them.

"Don't run away, dear, and don't look at me with that horrified expression in your innocent eyes. I want to finish my little tale and tell you that I now love your beautiful religion, and am trying every day to be more worthy to be called one of you."

"O, I'm so glad!" Mazie cried, breathlessly. "It just seemed as if I couldn't stand it for you to feel so. Tell me the rest, please, I can hardly wait." She dropped again into her chair and leaned eagerly forward to hear more clearly each low-spoken word.

"It's no great and thrilling tale, love, I didn't see an angel nor hear a voice from heaven. For weeks I scarcely lived at all, my heart was so full of sorrow and bitterness, and then, little at a time I began remembering how canny and wise my boy had always been in all of his ventures, and to wonder, even against my own will, just what in this new doctrine had so blinded his usually keen sight and benumbed his shrewd judgment. You may smile if you want to, dear, but it was no smiling matter to me then, and I know now that it was because my heart was broken by sorrow and longing, and my spirit was meek and prayerful, that I began to listen and read and learn all I could about the religion which my boy had adopted for his own, and that, as time went on, I found in it the answers to all the old puzzling questions, which mankind had for ages either put aside as too deep for mortal mind, or had answered, each in his own way.

"It took months, child, months of groping, study and faith and prayer, for I was stubborn and proud, but at last I came to know the truth, even as my dear son had known it; and I sought out the elders and asked to be baptized."

To Mazie the kind old face seemed to shine as with an inner light, but a shadow passed over it, and the brave voice faltered a little as she continued, "Then began the long search for my boy. When I drove him away I forbade him disgracing his father's honorable name, and told him he could pick up anything to be known by among his new crowd. I had forbidden his writing to me, or communicating with me in any way, and to this day, love, I've never heard from or of him."

Again the blue eyes filmed over and seemed to be looking at something which Mazie could not see. With an impulsive motion she leaned forward, and taking the wrinkled old hands in her firm, strong grasp, she exclaimed with conviction, "But you will. We'll help you. My father knows everyone, and Glen travels all over the country. Oh, we'll find him for you. Don't you ever worry another mite."

The little smile came twinkling back, but the shadow still hovered in the troubled eyes. "Of course we'll find him, dearie, that's why I sold the home in Kilarney, and came away out here to Utah. The kind missionaries at home told me that he had come to America, and scores of good people here have tried to help me, but not knowing what name he took makes it a pretty big task. You see, I dugged a pit for my own feet when I took his name away from him."

"'Twas such a bonny name, too," and a gleam of pure mischief shone for a moment in the tell-tale eyes. "His father wanted him called Erin after the land of his birth, and his god-father insisted that we have him christened Ethan, after himself, but it was in the springtime, dear, and my beds of pansies were all abloom, and when I looked at their dear little faces and then at the face of the precious wee bundle in my árms, I felt that I owed them something for helping me to keep plucky and cheerful through it all, and so—" A gurgling chuckle of pure, child-like mirth caused Mazie to stare anew at this dear, queer little woman who could laugh like that even while her heart was breaking.

"Yes," coaxed Mazie, softly. "Yes, of course; and so—"

"I named him Hart Ethan Erin Rooney, but I called him what he always was, and I hope will be to me again—'Heartsease'."

"O!" cried Mazie, her eyes shining and her breath coming in quick gasps, "Hart and two E's! And that explains the why of the pansies, and the pansies explain the why of you. I've been trying to think ever since I came in who you reminded me of, and it just dawned on me that it isn't a person at all. It's a brave, sweet, happy little pansy."

A glance toward the flower beds, and over them to the sky, revealed the almost setting sun, and she hurried on. "Will you just look at that sun? I've been here ages, and mother will worry, but I'm coming again, every day, and bring mother, and I'm going to try to show you just what you've done for me—shown me how selfish and thoughtless I've been about my silly little worries, when you've turned your real troubles into stepping stones toward heaven. Why, I've been asleep all my life and didn't even know it, but if you'll just let me come and talk to you, and bring the other girls, and if you'll just come out and tell us and show us what real faith—not mustard-seed, but pansy-seed faith—is, why you'll be a wonderful missionary and convert us all right here in our own Church!"

"You've a blarneying tongue, child, but even the wisest man loves to be flattered a little, and if you'll just be remembering that pansy-seed faith is perfect faith, first a dark journey into the sunlight, and then a cheerful giving to others all that God has given to them."

"Giving! That's it," cried Mazie, contritely, "and here all of my life I've just been taking and taking. Why, right now I'm cheating Glen and mother and dad out of the most wonderful happiness, and I really thought I was enjoying it more by keeping it all to myself. I want to tell you, too, please, and then I must skip for home."

She leaned forward and whispered a dozen words, and then in shy confusion, darted between the pansy beds and down the grass grown path.

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The flag was up when Mazie reached the mail box, although a little ways up the home lane she saw her father and mother walking slowly, their heads bent over the news items in the four-page local daily.

"That means a letter for me," she laughed, happily, "and they left it there so I can read it alone; the blessed! They worried about me and left it at the box until they saw me coming, and then went on to wait until I've read it and decided whether to share it or not. What a little beast I must have been all my life—so far, but thank goodness it hasn't been very far yet, and," with another laugh and a shake of her curly, bobbed head, "just watch me on the home stretch."

The letter bore Glen's flowing scrawl, and as she took it another spasm of contrition seized her. "Glen, honey," she whispered, "I'll never count letters on you again. I'll write every day, whether you do or not. Why, I'll just have to, to tell you all the things I've got to say. Two years'll just zip along."

She had skimmed through the opening sentences, and was quickening her pace so as to overtake her parents, when a sentence or two of Glen's letter caused her to stop and read more attentively:

"Somehow, till now it has seemed that my work in the mission field has been merely mechanical. I accepted the call and have done the best I could to fill it, simply because it was expected of me because my father and my grandfather had filled honorable missions, but until recently, I had neither looked for nor found any particular joy or satisfaction in the work; and Mazie mine, I've come to realize, in a vague sort of way, that my missionary life has been but the natural result of our home life. You and I, dear heart, have always followed along the line of least resistance. We have our parents to thank that this easiest path has been the right one. Because of their whole-souled faith, courage and integrity, they have chosen the path

of duty and righteousness, and have kept it smooth and flower-strewn for our stumbling feet.

"We're not children any more, wife o' mine, and we've walked in borrowed light long enough. We've been—sometimes willingly, sometimes protestingly—doing what they know to be right, and because they do know it.

"I fear I'm not making this very clear. I can't seem to find just the words I want, but I feel it in every atom of my being and must try to convey my feelings to you, that you, too, may begin truly to live, and not just drift and dream as we have been doing.

"Perhaps I may make it plainer this way, for in all of my thinking and praying along these lines, my thoughts always come right back to this question—if we walk always in the light of our parents' good deeds, live in the glory of their faithfulness, and bask in the halo of their holiness, without putting forth any effort to win these for our own, then, should the Lord see fit to give us children—and I feel sure that he will, if we but live and work to make ourselves worthy of them—must they, then, revert back one generation and try to follow their grandparents' example, imitating their worthy deeds and live noble lives because they did, or must they mark out new paths for their own feet, and run the risk of laying their course in the wrong direction? For while we have our parents' example constantly before us; to our children, the strength and fortitude of their grandparents will, in time, become but a tradition—an echo of an echo.

"I fear I'm wandering into vagaries again. I can't make my pen quite catch up to my thoughts, but, girl of mine, try to understand, so that we may begin again and together live this wonderful God-given life as he meant that we should."

With trembling hands, Mazie turned the pages; wiping away the happy tears that she might read more of this glorious message from her erstwhile careless, happy-go-lucky, boy husband:

"I am almost ashamed to tell you what brought about this great awakening, for again words will fail to do justice. You remember in my last letter I told you I was to have a new traveling companion, but I little thought that the change would bring me so many companions—strength, determination, will power, faith, joy and love. I wish you could see him—my new co-worker. He's just about my age, a big, handsome, blue-eyed, curly-headed, Irish lad; but he has the faith that moves mountains, the strength of character to follow up his faith with mighty, whole-souled work, and best, perhaps, of all, the power to transmit both of these to his associates.

"He heard our gospel for the first time two years ago, and knew at once that it was God's own plan for his children's guidance. I am ashamed to say that he has done more to further the Lord's work



during the short time that he has belonged to the Church than I have in all my twenty years.

"He doesn't talk much about his home life, and he doesn't get any letters, so I know that he walks always in the shadow of a great sorrow, for every night I hear him whispering to a crumpled snapshot of a dear little silver-haired woman, with 'Mother' written on every feature of her face, so I'm praying—and with the world-moving faith that he has given me—that everything will come out all right for him in the end.

"Write to him sometimes, and tell your mother to. Nothing any of us can do for him can begin to repay what he has done for me. His name—now don't laugh, I know it sounds like a Fiji Islander's, but our president told me once that it is not his real name, but is only "borrowed" for a time—is Pan Zee, and his address is the same as mine."

With streaming eyes, Mazie breathed a prayer of reverence and thanksgiving, and happily ran back along the path which led to "the little brown house."

*Perins, Colorado.*

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## Success

The other day a man came into my office and during the conversation said he had never been sued in a court of law, nor had he ever sued anyone. When he told me that he had passed his eightieth "mile stone" and had accumulated a fortune of \$200,000, it appeared to me to be quite remarkable. I said, "You are an exceptional character." I asked, "How large a family have you?" He answered, "I have upwards of ninety branches on my Tree." I again asked, "To what do you attribute your marvelous success?" He answered thus: "As a boy I was taught to be honest and careful. I learned early in life that most of our difficulties come through misunderstandings and I resolved that I would never allow anything but a thorough understanding in all my deals; 'haziness is a breeder of trouble,' and I have kept that in mind, knowing that honesty would bridge the gaps of weakness by inspiring the confidence of those with whom we deal."

This man always dealt with honest and dishonest people understandingly, and the judgment which he thus developed never duped or deceived him into making "bum investments," but placed him in the true atmosphere of a noble mind and a successful life.

"A man is successful who leaves great grand-children to deal with his business associates' great grand-children honestly and understandingly."—*Don P. Skousen, Phoenix, Arizona.*

## SNAP JUDGMENT

### A Pioneer Incident Told in a Pioneer Way

BY CARL E. TYLER

I was born in Apache county, near Fort Apache, where the early-day cattleman had no little trouble with the redskins in keeping his cattle together, and where my father came near losing his life for following some Indians who had stolen some thirty head of cattle. My father decided to leave the cattle business as a failure (and I suppose for a good reason, too, for he had no cattle left), and take what meager belongings we had left, consisting mostly of a four-horse team and two wagons, and go south to Graham county, where we had some relatives, and where father hoped to cater to some line of occupation other than raising beef cattle for the Indians. Our cargo consisted mostly of eight people in the family. I was only thirteen years old at the time, but I shall never forget the look on father's face the morning we were ready to leave for the southern country. It seemed as hard for him to leave the old cow ranch as it would be to part with one of his loved ones. We were all comfortably located in the wagons, ready to leave, when father wanted to light a match to the house as a token to the Indians that he had surrendered, but mother persuaded him to leave it, as it was on the road, and might be used by campers who passed by, so he consented to let the place stand, and we were off for the unknown.

The trip to the Gila Valley, in Graham county, was made without incident, and we arrived with about enough provisions to feed a humming bird a square meal.

We had not been in the lower country a week until father was stricken with typhoid fever, and the care and responsibility on mother was no little task, for we also found our relatives as poor as Job's turkey and our daily menu consisted of corn bread and water gravy, and anyone who has been fed on water gravy for any length of time will agree that it does not stick to the ribs very readily. In another week, two of the smaller children were stricken with the fever, and I could see that the strain had begun to tell on mother. She was considering selling the teams and wagons to get money to live on, but I persuaded her to let me go look for some team work. Realizing that I could earn more with a team than single-handed, I did not care to part with the horses. I also realized it would take more than I could earn single-handed (being only thirteen years old) to feed and care for so large a family. So I told mother I'd get on a horse and go look for something to do.

I went to a neighboring town some five miles distant and there

ran into some good news. I learned the government was buying straw at Ft. Grant, a soldier post, located seventy miles around Mount Graham, where the state reform school is now located. This straw was used for beds for horses, and the Government bought it at \$20 per ton delivered at Ft. Grant, and it cost me five dollars. I returned to mother with the glad news, but she did not welcome the idea of sending me and my younger brother, who was only eleven years old, on such a trip.

After much persuasion we convinced her of our ability to handle the teams, and she finally consented. We got our wagons loaded the next day, and were all ready to pull out for Ft. Grant the next morning. Tears came to mother's eyes as she handed me the grub box that was to do us on the week's journey. I dared not look in it, for I could sense mother's feelings. I knew that if she had put in that box all the food she had it would not have been much. Mother suggested we take Jip and the 22 rifle.

Jip was an old hungry-looking dog that had come to our place and made friends with the children. To please mother we took the single-shot 22 gun and the dog, which later proved to have more sense than we ever dreamed he had. I had gotten a sketch of the road to Ft. Grant from a neighbor, the day before, so I felt quite sure of our bearings. He had told me we would encounter much sand and steep mountains, and, in fact, some of it proved to be nothing short of cow trails.

We bade the folks goodbye, and reassured mother we would return home "with the bacon," and told her not to worry for we could find wild game for camp use. Mother said, "Remember your prayers and the Lord will see you through," and we were off.

Our first day's drive, as I had planned, would take us to Dripping Springs, twenty-three miles distant. We stopped for noon at Bear Spring's flat on the mesa, and fed our horses and examined our grub box which contained a scant supply of corn bread and molasses, to do us for the journey; nevertheless, we were thankful for the prospects of the future and hoped it would turn out for the best.

After stopping an hour we resumed our journey. We reached Dripping Springs just at sundown, and found a fine camping place with plenty of good spring water. We fed our horses and made a nice fire, as if we were old hands at the game. I could see that lonesome feeling for home and mother was coming over my brother, for he had never been away from mother over night before; but I knew her prayers would go up for us that night, and that the sooner we got to bed the less we would have to think about. So, as soon as it became quite dark we went to bed and pulled the cover over our heads, for father had warned us against the rabid skunks that always come to camp at night in the mountains. We were soon

My road map showed that the T-Bar Cattle Ranch on the summit would be our noon stop. We reached the place a little after noon. This was a very inviting little place, with a wind mill and a little white adobe cottage that nestled in the pines. We were greeted by an elderly man who had the welcome marks all over his face, and who was astonished to see a couple of kids so far from home alone. He showed us where to get water and gave us wood and even wanted to send a cowboy ahead of us to show us the way when we were ready to leave.

We talked him out of that. As we were ready to leave, he said, "Boys, I killed a beef last night; sorry I never thought of it before, but maybe you would like a piece of beef liver." My actions said, "Yes," and presently he returned with half of a beef liver which looked good enough to eat raw. The man gave us our road bearings and told us to stop on our return.

We were hardly out of sight of the ranch when my brother yelled, "Hey, Bud, let's stop and cook that beef liver." I talked him out of this, not that I did not want to stop, but I was afraid we would be late reaching our next watering place. We were going over some very rough country, and I was worrying whether my brother would be strong enough to hold the brake on some of the hills. We were now approaching "Mexican Hill," so named for a Mexican freighter who had been killed when his brakes gave way and he was crushed under his load. We reached the hill, and after locking the rear wheels with a chain, we descended in safety. About an hour before sundown I heard my brother yelling as if he were hurt, but he had spied a bunch of deer and wanted me to look. They did not seem at all frightened so I suggested we unhook our horses and see if we could sneak up close enough on them to get a shot with the 22. We pitched camp and left Jip, the cur, in charge, and started after big game.

The deer seemed to sense our trick, for as soon as they saw we had left our wagon they ran for the tall timber. But they looked so attractive to us that we were induced to follow. They took us up one hill and down another, but always staying far enough ahead so that it was impossible to get a shot at them at a distance which the light gun would carry up. It was so exciting that we had followed them farther than we intended to and, as the sun went down, I suggested we give up the chase and return to camp before we got lost and night overtook us. And, too, I had not forgotten the beef liver we had waiting for our supper, which in itself would be a real treat. So we struck out for camp.

As we were nearing camp the dog came trotting out to greet us, and as he reached us my brother exclaimed, "Look at the blood on that cur's mouth! He has eaten our beef liver." In my anger, quick as a flash, I up with the gun, sent a ball into his head, and snuffed

asleep and the night passed quickly and we were up at dawn and on our way.

the life out of him before I realized what I was doing. We ran on to camp to see just what he had left for us to eat, and to our surprise and astonishment, our grub box had not been disturbed but was just as we had left it! We could hardly believe our eyes—there was our beef liver. What could have happened? We were dumbfounded. On gathering our senses, we looked about and there at a short distance away we saw a hobo wolf limping off over the hill! We began to look for tracks, and sure enough, there on the ground was evidence of an awful struggle. The dog's and the wolf's tracks were intermingled in such a manner as to leave no doubt in our minds.

Oh, the guilty feeling that came over me. What had I done? Killed that poor dog when he came out to welcome us into camp, and show us that he had been tried and proved. To this day that memory still haunts me. The wolf had no doubt been following us and when we left camp he had come up to help himself. How could I take such a story home to mother? What would she think of such a display of temper? I would give anything to bring that dog back to life. We were not hungry now. I could not endure the thought of eating that beef liver.

We went back where the dog lay and as we stood there, the tears were streaming down my brother's face. He said, "If I had kept my mouth shut, Jip would be alive now." This was more than I could stand, so I gave vent to my feelings and we both sat down and cried. When we had finally calmed ourselves, I suggested that we take the dog to the bottom of the canyon and bury him in the sand. My brother said, "Yes, and let's bury the beef liver with him so his spirit will know we're sorry."

So we took the dog and beef liver down to the bottom of the canyon and dug a trench with our hands and laid our faithful friend to rest with the beef liver at his nose.

It was getting dark now, and we returned to camp. As neither of us wanted any supper after our sad experience, we started to roll our bed on the ground when my brother remarked: "What would we do if that wolf should return tonight?"

I had not thought of that and, to tell the truth, I did not care to risk sleeping on the ground. So we ran the rear wagon up beside the other one, and took the end boards and laid them across from one wagon to the other. This would be high enough to be safe, if we did not roll off in our sleep. I really felt sheepish in crawling way up there to sleep after what I had done. But I didn't feel we should run the risk of making ourselves a prey for that wolf. It was with a heavy heart and an empty stomach that I went to bed that night, and, as I lay there with my face to the stars, I wondered just what I could do that this, the worst act of my life, would not haunt



me every time I thought of it. I resolved, then and there, that if God would forgive me, I would try in the future to use the intelligence he had given me and never act in haste. I have always tried to remember that pledge. I know it has helped me to keep a cool head many times since.

It was late when I finally fell asleep that night; and the sun was shining in my face when I awoke, with my brother still asleep. I woke him and we got ready to go on our journey. I was awfully hungry, but cold corn bread did not seem to take very well for breakfast, so we decided to be off, and perhaps we could reach Ft. Grant by night, and then we would be able to get something better to eat.

My brother looked pale and thin. I wondered if he could last the day out on what he had eaten, but he was "game" and wanted to try, but he said, "Bud, you know mother has always taught us to pray when in need, and you know in our excitement we have neglected our prayers on this trip! Now, before we start let's ask the Lord to see us through."

Such words as these from my younger brother made me feel ashamed, for I knew that he spoke the truth. And all the world could not make me believe our prayers were not answered, so we started on our journey feeling confident of our success.

We were now getting out of the rough mountains to more level country, and found the roads much better. It was near noon that day when we witnessed a strange happening. We had seen other eagles before, at a distance, on our trip, and as they were plentiful in this part of the country we paid little or no attention to them; but at this time we saw, not fifty yards from the road, a big bald eagle flying fast and really close to the ground. I wondered what he was up to, but I didn't wonder long for I saw he was after a rabbit, and I could see it was futile for the rabbit to try to get away. The rabbit probably thought the same thing, for just then it stopped and lay close to the ground, as if its last chance was to hide. But the eagle was too close behind and when he got to his prey he didn't touch the ground but just hesitated for a second over the rabbit, then flew on and began to soar around, waiting for the rabbit to die. We stopped our teams and ran over where the rabbit was still kicking. The eagle was now soaring around over our heads; I suppose he was wondering if we were going to take his meal, which he had put up such a chase to get, and that is exactly what we did. We stopped for noon, and while my brother was feeding the horses I dressed the rabbit, and found that the bird's mighty claws had made four holes in that rabbit, clean as bullet holes, two from each side, and they met near its heart.

We had that rabbit on the fire and cooking before it got cold, and while eating our first real meal since we left home, I thought of that saying, "The Lord moves in a mysterious way his wonders

to perform." After finishing our dinner my brother said, "My throat is still hungry, but my stomach is plumb full."

It was a late hour that night when we arrived at the soldier post and our horses were very tired. It was impossible to dispose of our load at that late hour, so we waited till morning before looking up the quartermaster. Early next morning we inquired where to find the barns, and eight o'clock found us at the gates waiting to weigh in. Soon the quartermaster arrived and informed us that his scales were out of order and he could not receive anything that day. And it would be probably several days before they would be fixed, as he had to send away for parts. This was like a blow on the head to me, for we had no feed for our horses nor food in our box.

To wait several days for the money for our loads would be impossible. I had a prayer in my heart that something would turn up for our relief. The man was about to leave when I called him back and told him our circumstances; but he said he had authority to buy only by weight. But, he added, "You can take it up with the commanding officer, and if he will accommodate you it's all right." He directed me to his superior's office, and I told him our story. After looking me over a minute he said, "Kid, anyone your age with nerve enough to come over here on such a trip deserves a lift." He went with me to the barn and ordered the quartermaster to buy our load by guess weight and said, "Be sure and guess it plenty." As a consequence we received about twelve dollars more than if we had sold it by weight.

We made several trips after that, but none was so eventful as our first experience.

*Los Angeles, Calif.*

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## I Wonder

I wonder when my soul is weighed  
 Against the measure given,  
 I wonder will the verdict be—  
 "Well done, rest thou in heaven."

Or will He read my record o'er  
 With sorrow in his face,  
 And say, "Thou art a stranger here,  
 For thee there is no place."

God grant my lessons I may learn,  
 Though trials my teacher be,  
 So well, that thou'lt be pleased to say,  
 "Rest thou thy soul with me."

*Menan, Idaho.*

J. M. GREEN.

## SKEETERS

BY ORVID E. HOWELL, BOY SCOUT EXECUTIVE

His real name was Thomas Lyle Thornton, I think, though it doesn't matter, since it was used only once annually—when the probate judge wrote it into the regular warrant for the truant officer. "Skeeters" was what he was called, which did matter, for just to speak it would send chills up good citizens' backs and start good matrons' tongues to wagging. Still, afterward, when the folks of Weston looked back on the history of his pranks, few indeed were the times when it could be shown that he had actually done anyone malicious injury.

He was not freckled-faced and was not red-headed. His hair was dark and usually long, and, out of his rather pale face, his black eyes peered sharply.

He lived with old Mr. Trimble—"Skinny Trimble," the boys called him—and chored for his board and "keep." (Back in the distant past, he had had a father and mother of a sort, but he could not remember them.) The board was wholesome, if somewhat irregular at times, and the keep consisted of a ragged pair of blue denim overalls, a straw hat, and calico shirt; supplemented, in Winter, by an old cap and a pair of Trimble's old shoes. Twice each year, at Christmas and on the Fourth of July, he was given "four-bits," for "spendin' " money. No, he didn't get along on that. No boy could. He got a little change once in a while by hook or crook—mostly by crook, to hear "Old Skinny" tell it. His wildest dream was to own some day a real jackknife, a can opener and a leather punch equipment, and a necktie.

Skeeter's tastes ran largely to dogs, and worms, and fights, and places of solitude; preferably places as far as possible from Old Man Trimble's and the schoolhouse.

He came picking his way, zig-zag, across the pasture, while a neighbor boy waited for him; zig-zagging to take advantage of every bare hillock, for his "toe-rags" offered scant protection against the damp of the early morning dew. A "toe-rag" is to a hand-me-down shoe, what an old pillow is to a broken window pane.

"What kind of a bird is that new teacher?" he asked, without heeding the neighbor boy's "good morning."

"A real feller. Why, you comin' to school?"

"Yeh, thought I'd come and try it a crack." What he did not tell, but the other lad guessed, was that old "pussy-foot," the truant officer had served his annual summons.

"Yeh, he's a real feller, Mr. Lowe is," his companion went on.

"Plays ball with us en' everything. Don't seem like a teacher. Seems more like, like a—jest a man."

"How come?"

"Talks with us, and everything—and jokes."

Skeeters laughed scornfully. "Yeh, I'm wise to that kind. They don't fool me none. First thing you know he'll have you eatin' out his hand, and swearin' you like it."

As the boy had said, Ralph Lowe, the teacher, was a real fellow. A quiet, clear-eyed, common chap, of thirty, with a friendly, smiling, though somewhat serious, face. He was idolized by the boys. He took a great interest in them, entering into their games and their home life. The school, under his direction, was running along famously, quite contrary to the predictions of Trimble, who was chairman of the board of trustees, and who had warned the other members of the board that "that young feller hain't got no dignity." "Old Skinny" had wanted to hire a woman, a cousin of his wife's sister's first husband, and, being thwarted by his fellow board members, he was now watching closely for defects.

Ralph started at once to try to win "Skeeters." He cultivated his confidence assiduously. They were together a lot; much to the discomfiture of Ralph's pretty, though somewhat vain wife, Lulu; who, like Trimble, felt that the association lowered her husband's dignity. They tramped the hills together and Ralph studied the lad. He visited him at his work. He played with him when he played. He took him to his own home to dinner, to the disgust and humiliation of Lulu.

"I don't see what you're thinking of, Ralph," she said. "Why, the child's actually filthy. What would we have done if some of our friends had dropped in?"

But Ralph could make little headway at winning Skeeters. The lad was like a wild thing fearing capture. He did not resent Ralph's advances—openly—but he maintained his air of distant aloofness. His manner said plainly, "All very fine, but there must be a catch somewhere."

When Ralph organized the boys into a Scout troop, Skeeters took some interest, especially in the life-saving methods, for he was a good swimmer. But he would not come to the meetings and he would not make the promise. "Make no promises and you'll never break none," he said, "that's my motter."

But the look he sometimes gave Ralph would make Ralph's heart ache; as if he would like to trust him but dared not—the look of a stray dog in the street.

It was that look that made Ralph so out of patience at his wife's protests.

"He'll get you into trouble yet. Everyone says he will," she warned.

"And who is everyone? Mr. Trimble?"

"Well, he's one. And I think you ought to pay some attention to his wishes. He's the man who employs you."

Halloween night came—the big night for boys in the country. The night when wagon wheels have a strange habit of disappearing, and gates change owners; when mules from distant farms may appear, quite mysteriously, in stalls where one's pure-bred heifers are supposed to be.

In the afternoon, Mr. Trimble appeared at the school-yard gate and asked for Mr. Lowe. Trimble never forgot Halloween. It always annoyed him; and since it annoyed him so, he always was given good cause to remember it.

"We usually expect the teacher to help hold these kids in check," he said, "I suppose you've warned them about staying out of mischief."

"I have anticipated the event," Ralph answered, "and have planned a hike up Box canyon."

Mr. Trimble looked dubious. "I was counting on you stayin' in the buildin' tonight," he said, "and watchin' things."

"That will hardly be necessary, I think," Ralph replied. "The boys will all be with me."

"Will Skeeters?"

"Well, I don't know—I think he will."

"Bet he don't go. He always figures on raisin' old Ned on Halerween."

"Oh, I don't think he'll hurt anything. If he does I'll make it good." Ralph laughed.

Skeeters wanted to go to Box canyon; wanted badly to go. But for two reasons he did not. First, "Old Skinny" would not let him off choring; and second, he could hardly reconcile himself to a quiet Halloween. It seemed like the catch he had been looking for. To him Halloween was a sacred institution. To interfere with it was like polluting a holy shrine with desecrating feet.

So at 11:30 p. m., when the other boys and Ralph were making their beds in Box canyon, he and a kid from Cedar Creek were disarranging things in the main room of the schoolhouse. When they had done their mischief, and just as they were placing a candle-lit jack-o-lantern in the window, a shrill voice challenged them, and "Old Skinny" stepped from the cloak-room.

There was a mad scramble for the window and a madder race up the hill. The boys won, and Trimble stopped on top breathless. He turned to descend and stopped suddenly with a squeal of amaze-



ment. Flames were bursting from the schoolhouse window! In his haste to catch the boys, his boot heel had overturned the lantern. Half way down the hill, a dark, flying figure passed him. Skeeters, too, had seen the blaze.

Frantically they fought the flames; Skeeters, and Trimble, and two tourists who happened along. Fought it, while Trimble cursed and scolded and threatened, and Skeeters, reckless to danger and indifferent to pain, prayed with short, choking sobs, while the salt tears scalded his parching lips. Thanks to the aid of the tourists, the nearness of a frog pond, and a plentiful supply of forgotten dinner buckets, the building was saved with only slight damage done; but to Skeeters it was a yawning hulk, and he slunk away like a cur to its kennel, and was not seen again for days.

There was talk in the village. Talk, and criticism of Ralph Lowe. Old Trimble, seeing his chance, called a board meeting while the gossip was at white heat, and it was decided, "That, for the good of the school, they would ask Mr. Lowe to resign by the coming holidays."

Ralph paid the damage for Skeeters and went home wearily, dreading to face what he knew awaited him there.

It was just at this time that Skeeters, like a ghost, appeared to a group of his companions. A bunch of skunk and weasel skins dangled from his belt, and over his shoulder he carried his one possession, an old "twenty-two" a friendly neighbor had given him.

"Whar's teacher?" he demanded.

They jerked their thumbs at Ralph's vanishing figure and promptly turned their backs upon him.

Hot tears sprang to his eyes, and he turned away blindly. He was spurned and lonesome, like a king wolf deserted by his pack. He could not understand. He had done nothing that he knew of to deserve such treatment. At Ralph's house he was enlightened.

As he hesitated outside, struggling with a note to leave with the offering, a voice came through the open window clearly; a woman's voice in anger.

"Lost your job, and for that measly brat! Disgraced! Didn't I tell you?"

"Lu, you mustn't blame the kid, he's as innocent—"

"Sacrifice your wife's pride and self-respect for your maudlin sentiment! Ralph Lowe, I think it is about time that we came to an understanding."

"Lulu! You mean—?"

"That if we can't get along, we'd better—"

Skeeters heard no more; dropping the gun and skins on the

porch, and pinning the note to the door with a sliver, he fled into the gathering darkness wildly."

Lost his job for him! So that was it! And still defending him! No wonder the gang had spurned him. Well, there was only one thing to do. His old gun and the skins might make up for the damage fee paid by Ralph, but it could never make up for the loss of the job. Only one thing to do. He must "skip the country," and never come back—unless some day he might come back and right the wrong—some day!

At the river he stopped and removed a shoe; the wadded toe-rag threatened to make a blister. As he sat there, dangling his foot in the soothing water, a shrill cry startled him. Some children were leaning from the bridge and pointing downward. Following their directions, he saw the red-haired crown of little Dorothy Trimble sink in the whirling water. Kicking off his other shoe, he plunged in, and made for her.

He reached her easily but found it difficult to return. Everywhere, it seemed, he faced a current in the whirling water. Strange, too, how heavy the little slip of a girl seemed. He wished he had paid more attention to the Scout instructions. There were many things he wished he had done—and many he wished that he had not. His muscles, weakened by days of exposure and privation, threatened to quit him. His head whirled. To him, above the roar of the boiling water, came the cries from the bank; the cries of children, and the wail of a stricken old man—high and piercing.

"Poor old man," he thought, "Poor old fellow," and taking a fresh hold on the precious burden, he redoubled his effort.

Just as it seemed that his lungs would burst, he felt a snag beneath his feet, then gravel, then he fainted.

For an hour Ralph worked over him, pumping his frail body in and out (as he had so often taught his scouts to do) in an effort to start the lungs to working. Worked over him, while Lulu, white with fear and sorrow, wiped away the moisture, and the dripping sweat from her husband's face, mingled with her hot tears on the lad's pale forehead.

Everyone from the village was there when he first showed signs of consciousness. Trimble was hysterical. "Bring him to!" he cried. "Oh, let him live! Come back, Skeeters! Come back, and you can have anything, anything!" Little Dorothy was unharmed. The old man was rich, and he worshipped his little daughter.

Skeeters stirred and opened his eyes weakly. "D'yuh mean that?" he inquired, "Then—then give back the—the job to—to teacher."

Mingled cries, and prayers, and oaths! But only one voice

reached Skeeters. He was straining his ears to hear it. It was Lulu's.

"God bless his heart. Oh, Ralph, can you ever—ever—" Skeeters fought to keep awake until she finished, but he could not. A delicious drowsiness overwhelmed him. He sank back limply.

The people gasped, thinking him dead, but Ralph reassured them. "Just worn out, poor kid. He'll be all right when he's rested."

When Skeeters awoke, a few hours later, peace was in his heart; and it seemed to Ralph, crouched over his bed, that a great light was on his face—the kind of light that artists like to paint around the heads of saints redeemed. And why not? From a baptism of fire and water, his pure soul had emerged triumphant.

*Preston, Idaho.*

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## A Message From the Mountains

Could I describe the mountain-tops at dawn,  
In words so clear those far away might see  
That touch celestial when the day is born—  
Food for the soul, rare in its purity;

Could I portray the mountains' rugged strength,  
That others, too, might feel that mighty awe,  
And know the message which it bears to earth—  
It speaks the vast eternity of law;

Oh, could I paint the beauty, rich and rare,  
That lives in wooded slope and splashing rill,  
The canyons full of misty shades alluring,  
The pine trees climbing ever up the hill;

Rich coloring that changes every hour,  
Soft tones and shades, the artist's brush eludes,  
Each season brings a certain added grandeur,  
A gift of peace, deep in the solitudes;

Could I to man this mountain message bear,  
Of strength and beauty, purity and peace,  
The moral uplift of the balmy air,  
The earth-bound spirit's fetters to release;

Could I but take this lesson to myself,  
That in my daily life its truth might tell,  
Just living what the mountains mean to me,  
I would have praised their Great Creator well.

*Franklin, Idaho.*

MARGARET STEELE.

## WHY DID THE TRAIN STOP?

BY E. ERNEST BRAMWELL, GRANITE STAKE SEMINARY

The following remarkable incident happened on a certain Saturday morning, late in the Fall of 1922.

The writer, at that time, was principal of the American Fork Seminary. As such principal I was called upon to deliver three gospel lectures at Storrs, a mining camp high up in the mountains of Carbon county. In order to reach Storrs on time, I had planned to leave American Fork on the 9:45 o'clock east-bound train. This train, on schedule, would arrive at Castle Gate just in time to connect with the only train running from Castle Gate to Storrs.

In answer to my call for a ticket, the agent asked: "What train do you expect to take?"

"The 9:45, of course," I answered.

"But that train," he replied, "doesn't stop at American Fork. It hasn't, in fact, come to a full stop here for more than two years. However," he continued, "once in a while the local mail carrier fails to throw the sack of mail into the mail car, and then the train slows down long enough to get the mail."

What could I do? I simply *had* to keep my appointment with the miners. And, in order to do so, I must catch this 9:45 train, then almost due to arrive.

Just at this moment, the local mail carrier drove up. To him I ventured to suggest that he *might* miss his throw this once, just to help me out. Laughingly, he answered that, in case I depended upon him to "miss my throw," as he put it, then I would not be able to catch "that train."

What could be done? I began to grow desperate. So, rushing back into the ticket office, I asked the agent if he could not, under the circumstances, flag the oncoming train.

"Yes," he answered; "I can flag it, all right, and then I'll get discharged."

I sat down, disheartened. Then a voice seemed to whisper, "Why not pray?" I did so at once. Yes, just a short, simple prayer. Would the Lord, if he saw fit, please stop that train—that was all. And then I waited.

Soon thereafter, the onrushing train whistled. I jumped up and ran out of the waiting room; overcoat on one arm, and suitcase in hand. Would the train stop?

The engineer saw me—but the train sped on. The local mail carrier, unerring in his aim, threw the mail pouch into the mail car. Alas! this one hope fled. And then what?

The train began to slow down. And so it continued to do, until, happy thought, it came to a full stop. However, it had gone some distance beyond the station. Hastily, I ran to a point immediately in front of the chair-car door. The brakeman, undoing the vestibule door, looked out, at the same time he angrily shouted, "Why did this train stop?"

Then he looked at me. I asked him to let me get on. This, however, he refused to do, answering me curtly, "We don't pick up passengers at American Fork."

"Yes, but I've got to get on," I answered.

"Where do you want to go?" he asked, still continuing to be angry.

"To Storrs," I answered.

"Well, come on—get on," he snapped. And I got on, as happy as could be.

On the train I met a Brother Davis whom I had known in England. He, during all this time, had been an interested observer of all that had just gone on; and so he and I sat in the chair-car, chatting, both of us happy at what had just taken place.

Presently, the brakeman joined us. Turning to Brother Davis, whom he seemed to know quite well, he said, "Say, I know what stopped this train."

"And what?" asked Brother Davis.

"Why, it was your faith *inside*, and that fellow's faith *outside*—that's what stopped this train." And with this simple remark he passed on.

Why did the train stop?

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## Shadows

Within the shining orbit of the sun,  
In far-flung spaces, misty shadows run.  
On earth, at eve, the gathering darkness lay—  
For night is but the shadow of the day,  
As day is but the brightness of the sun.  
The drifting clouds, the towering summits cast  
A penciled outline of the light gone past—  
Yet, speak of glories that behind them play.

So darkened hearts, the blackness of despair,  
Are but mists that pass before the stars;  
The far-flung shadows of those endless bars  
That fret the eager soul with earthly care—  
Until, like mists, the shadows roll away,  
And bring, once more, the glory of the day.

Salt Lake City.

HENRY F. KIRKHAM.



# ON THROUGH THE YEARS

BY ELSIE CHAMBERLAIN CARROLL

Alice Merkley pressed the letter against her heaving breast, her small, blue-veined hands holding it close. The slender fingers twitched in her nervous effort at control. Her deep-brown eyes, saddened and hallowed by years of uncomplaining loneliness and heartache, looked out of the apartment window at the grey swirls of snow filling the December sky.

At the sight of the leaden, snow-filled air, she closed her eyes and a quick, half-checked sob sent a quiver over her body. Somehow, snowflakes swirling through the air like that always brought back the torturing pain and cruel emptiness of that first hour of her widowhood. After the blankness followed the shock—that in spite of all the love and prayers she had poured over him, Hal was gone—her first clear mental image had been of a swirling snowstorm.

That had been eight years ago, and yet the memory and the pain were so vivid and tense at this moment that it almost seemed, if she should turn around, she would find Hal lying there on the bed beside which she had knelt listening to the dear, brave words he had paused, at the very threshold of death, to whisper to her. It was so like Hal even at the gate of death to try to shield her from the inevitable pain, and to make easier for her the lone, hard trail ahead.

"You know, darling," he had breathed, "that if—there—is—any possible way—I—shall—come back to you—to be near you—and to—help—on through the years."

Those had been his last, dear words; and in the desolation of the days and months and years that followed, when her soul had cried out in yearning for his physical companionship—for the sight of his form, the sound of his voice and the touch of his hand and lips—she had been sustained by the assurance that his spirit *was* near. He had kept his promise, and had found a way! And, somehow, she had been able to endure her loss.

At first the children, too, could feel his presence. They would talk of it among themselves, or to her in softened tones and with a sort of hallowed brightness in their eyes. Junior especially, had seemed to feel it, even more than the girls, in those early months. And how grateful she had been! Junior and Hal had been such pals that her soul faltered when she thought of the void in her little son's life she could never hope to fill.

"Mother," he used to say in the low, hushed tone she soon learned to recognize, "Mother, while I was fixing my skates—it—it—seemed just like daddy was there helping me—like he used to." Or, "Mother,

I was going to take a bird's nest today—and—it—seemed like daddy was there—and I knew—I shouldn't."

How she had hoped the sacred contact might continue—that Junior might always have that blessed guidance to help him reach the heights they had dreamed for him.

But eight years had passed, and eight years bring great changes to a boy who was twelve. She wondered if Junior ever now felt the nearness of the daddy he had worshiped.

With a doubting shake of her head, Alice Merkley clutched the letter at her breast and turned from the window which framed the whirling snow. She sank into a chair before the table in front of the grate, and carefully spread the letter on her lap. She began reading through the lines once more with a dull hope that she might find a different meaning to the words:

"Chicago, Ill., December 19.

"*Dear mother*—Please try not to be too disappointed at what I am going to tell you. I know you have been anxious for me to finish college and go on for law, and you have worked and sacrificed to give me the chance to be here. And I *do* appreciate it, mother; I want you to try to believe that.

"But I have come to a new way of looking at things, and this new view has changed my plans.

"I've mentioned Ted Houston and Pete Goreman in some of my letters—two of the fellows I met at Mrs. Erwin's at that house party on Thanksgiving.

"Mother, do you know those fellows are making more money right now than I could make if I went to college a hundred years? They cleaned up about \$25,000 each last year as easy as batting an eye. Think of that! And Ted's younger than I am, and Pete just a few years older. They've offered to take me in with them.

"Now, mother, I know you have some Puritanic objections to horse-racing and what you call gambling, and all that old-fashioned stuff, but, please, Mother, for your own peace of mind, try to look at it sensibly. It's no more gambling and no more dishonorable than the way a good many of our respected politicians and business men make their living.

"What's the use of grinding away here at college another year, and then grinding away at a profession with loads of worry and responsibility all my life, when I can drop into a snap like this?

"Then there is something else I must tell you which makes it necessary for me to get out and make some money."

At this point in her reading Alice Merkley closed her eyes and a little hurt moan passed her lips. Could she bear to read the next lines over again?

"I have told you before," the letter went on, "how wonderful Mrs. Erwin is, and how 'great' she treated me at that house party

the first time I met her. She has done so many things for me since—getting me away from the eternal grind here at school and all that, and I've been to her place a lot—but I didn't know until a few days ago what we meant to each other. Mother, we love each other, and she is so unhappy I've got to do something to change things for her. Her husband never has understood or appreciated her—and he's so much older and is so exacting. No wonder her life is crushed—she so wonderful! We've decided to go away." Again Alice Merkley closed her eyes for a moment before she could go on.

"I know you will think this is terrible, too—she being a married woman. But we can't help that. We love each other! That's all that seems to matter. I'm going to take her to Tennessee when I go with Pete and Ted.

"Now, mother, won't you try to see this in the right way? There will be a divorce soon and then we can be married and everything will be all right."

"*All right!*" The mother sobbed the words as she crumpled the letter and got unsteadily to her feet. "*All right!*" Her Junior in a mesh like this! Oh, she couldn't endure it. All her dreams—Hal's dreams—for him shattered! His life ruined on the very threshold of his promising manhood!

It must not be! She must find a way to save him!

Back and forth she paced the little room.

Should she go to him? Could she make him see the terrible chasm into which he was about to plunge?

December 19, his letter had been dated. It was now the 21st. He said they were going Christmas Eve. There was a possibility that she might reach the city in time.

But if she did, what would be his reaction to her interference? Would he resent it? Of that she was miserably quite certain. He was no longer the trusting baby, nor the dependent child, eager for her helping hand. He thought he was a man. He had exaggerated ideas of his own strength, and he was touched with a boy's first passion.

Oh, she was afraid! she was afraid! She must not permit herself to think of the sickening possibilities.

Something must be done! She could not let her boy—Hal's boy, so wonderfully like Hal himself—she could not let him go to ruin while she stood idly by. And yet her hands seemed tied.

If only Hal could have stayed. His high standards and ideals would have been Junior's natural heritage. But she was so helpless! so alone! The futility of it all was heartbreaking.

Suddenly the need of Hal so overwhelmed her that she stretched out her arms crying: "O Hal, Hal, I need you so, I need you so!" as she sank into her chair by the table and buried her face in her arms. For long minutes the room was filled with the sound of her moaning sobs. She wept as she had not wept for years.

At last came the calm of exhaustion—or was it that?

She lifted her head and gazed once more from the window at the swirling snow. Again that vivid sense impression of her loss, but this time more clearly than ever before, not the memory of her that whole tragic hour, but of Hal's last, brave, comforting words: "I shall be near you—to help you—on through the years."

She took in a long breath. She was conscious of a strange calm which was quieting the tumult of her soul. What could it mean? We she forgetting Junior's peril? Or was—Oh, was Hal really there—as he had so often been during the first dark years when she had most needed him?

Suddenly she became aware of the fact that her fingers were touching a silver frame that stood on the table. In the frame was a poem Hal had clipped from a magazine, years ago. He had called it his "creed" and had kept it always on his desk in the office.

Alice Merkley caught her breath; a great light broke over her tear-stained face. She sprang up, clasping the frame to her heart.

"I understand—darling! Oh, I understand!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"You're sure you'll be there by the 27th? You see, if we can't depend on you we'll have to take someone else. There's too many details for two of us to handle. It will take Pete's full time to watch the bulls and see that everything we do appears to be open and on the square." Ted Houstons' face looked searchingly into Harold Merkley's.

"Sure, I'll be there!" Harold protested with spirit. "Haven't I signed your papers? What's put it into your head that I'll 'welch'?"

"Oh, it's this confounded love affair you've got mixed in. You never can tell what a guy will do when he's wrapped around a woman's little finger. I wish to the deuce Babe Erwin had let you alone. I don't suppose you'll be worth anything to us anyhow, now you've fallen for her."

"That's where you're off your base, Ted," said Harold, resentfully. "I'll be worth a darned sight more because of her. I've got to succeed to give her the things she's been used to. She'll be an incentive for me to do things I never would have dared attempt before."

"Pooh, pooh, buddy. Don't you know you're just a kid getting your eye teeth cut? I know a thing or two about Babe Erwin."

"Hold on there, Ted," cried Harold springing to his feet and with a dangerous fire flashing in his brown eyes. "Remember you can't hint like that to me."

"Oh, sit down, buddy. I'll shut up; but can't you see how it's interfering with our plans right now. If it wasn't for your idiotic determination to drag Babe along, you could go with me now and we'd get things all lined up a couple of days earlier."

"Then you're taking such blooming chances with a married woman, too. What if old man Erwin gets wind of it?"

"There's not a chance in the world that there'll be a hitch. We've spent too much time on the details. Old Erwin is out of town. At 12:15 tonight I'll take a Southern Limited. Eight minutes later Babe will take the Express. In two hours we'll meet in Streator, and will join you at Chattanooga not later than the afternoon of the 27th—in plenty of time for the first big race."

"Yes, but the question is, Will you be any good to us after you get there?"

"You don't need to worry about me," assured Harold, "I'll tell you that you and Pete are not going to be sorry you took me in on this thing. I've got to make good and I'll show you I can."

"Well, here's hoping." Houston held out his hand. "If anything should happen, wire us at the Bender Hotel."

"Nothing's going to happen. Goodbye. Sorry Pete got off before I saw him again."

Ted Houston left the room and Harold Merkley went back to the interrupted packing of his trunk. On the floor at one side of the trunk was a pile of college text-books, laboratory journals, and note books jumbled together with pennants, posters, athletic schedules and dance programs. As the young man went on with his packing he kept adding to this heap as he continued to go through remaining drawers and shelves of dresser and desk.

Finally the room was dismantled and he closed and locked the trunk. He had begun to put a few remaining articles of clothing into a traveling bag when the telephone rang. He sprang to the receiver and answered tremulously:

"Hello—Babe—what is it? You are sure nothing is wrong? I know, but every time the 'phone rings I'm scared to death you've changed your mind or something. Well, I may be silly—but I'll keep worrying and being scared to death until we're safely away. I keep wondering if I won't wake up pretty soon and find I've just been dreaming. Yes—yes, I'm all packed—just have to burn a pile of rubbish, then I'll sit around and count the seconds until I shall see you. Say, can't we meet some place for just a few minutes—it will seem ages. Well, of course, if you think it won't be safe—but gosh—I can't wait. Can't I even call you on the 'phone—well, you be sure and call me every time you dare. Goodbye."

He turned with a subdued little whistle back to the desk. From the corner he drew a waste basket into which he began stuffing the books and journals piled on the floor.

A knock at the door interrupted. Grudgingly he went to answer it.

"Mr. Harold B. Merkley," announced the familiar voice of the postman. "A special delivery parcel. Sign here, please."



Harold hastily signed his name, eager to be rid of this intruder.

"Three guesses that it's some more Christmas from the little mother," volunteered the good-natured postman as he shifted his heavy pack and turned to the stairs.

Harold closed the door and tossed the parcel to the table. He was about to resume his task of filling the basket, but a little troubled pucker had come between his brows. It was the postman's mention of his mother that had brought it, and the reminder of the Christmas box which had come a few days before. He would rather not think of his mother just now.

Of course, she couldn't be expected to understand and approve what he was doing. He'd have to reconcile himself to that. She was of the older generation. Times had changed too rapidly for her to be expected to keep up with modern ways. And then she always had been very particular in regard to certain moral dogmas.

She'd received his letter, of course, by now. This parcel had evidently been sent before she knew he was going away. It was doubtless something she had forgotten to put into her customary Christmas box with its well chosen socks and ties and exquisitely made silk shirt.

She was a peach of a little mother with all her old-fashioned ideas and narrow way of looking at things, which was going to make it hard for her now. His heart was suddenly flooded with a wave of tender appreciation and love. He straightened up from his task and went to the table. He'd take just a minute to see what she'd sent.

With his pocket knife he cut the twine from the parcel and began unwrapping the layers of paper and cardboard. When the last wrapping had been removed he stood with a silver frame in his hands in which was a poem written in archaic lettering. A queer, vague memory began to stir within him. What was it? He had seen it before; but when, where?

Then the recollection came with a rush. With a quick in-taking of his breath he sank to a chair and for a moment he felt dizzy and faint. The picture that flashed before his mind was of his father's office, in the long years past. He was a little chap of six and he was asking his father about the beautiful, shining leaves in this frame. His father had lifted him to his knee and had said:

"When you are older, sonny, you'll see something in this more beautiful than the frame. The words framed here are my creed of life, and I hope they will be yours." He recalled that he had asked what "creed" means, and, while his father was explaining, a client had come in and he had been sent home to mother.

A look of loneliness and loss stole into Harold Merkley's eyes. He had not thought of his father for months; but now he was aware of that feeling of nearness he had known so often as a child. He

sat very still in the silent room, permitting the almost forgotten feeling to grow.

How he had adored the daddy of those early years. His mouth grew soft and wistful. There was childish faith and trust in his eyes.

After a few long moments of this strange, sweet remembering, he brought his eyes to the words within the frame.

It was called **THE ROUND OF LIFE**—a Christmas musing set down by Richard Wightman:

"To lift athirst the brimming glass of life and drain it, dregs and all, with smack of smiling lip and slap of knee;

"To bend over the stream of trade and wrest from it my gold, clean-handed, zestfully, as one who takes equivalents—not more—for what he gives;

"To hear attent the silent cry of those who lack, dividing food and faggots and the couraged word;

"To look well to my sowing, knowing sure that each small seed by law immutable begets its kind—and multiplied at that;

"To shrine my woman high, and touch her flesh with prayer, as well as passion."

He went on line by line to the end.

Before Harold Merkley had finished reading the lines, his breath was coming faster, and beads of perspiration were beginning to stand on his brow.

His father's creed! And how truly had his father embodied those high principles into his every-day, practical way of living. His father—honored and respected by his fellowmen; adored by his family; the ideal of Harold's own early dreams of manhood. "To be like daddy," had been the great goal of his young years.

Slowly a crimson flush stole over his face as his eyes scanned back up the page, stopping here and there:

*"To shrine my woman high, and touch her flesh with prayer, as well as passion."*

\* \* \* \* \*

*"To bend above the stream of trade and wrest from it my gold clean-handed, zestfully, as one who takes equivalents—not more—for what he gives."*

There came to him the memory of the disappointed and sorrowing expression he had seen on his father's face, a few times in the brief years of their companionship, when he had done something unworthy of himself. He never could endure that look. Always he had on those occasions thrown his arms about his father's neck, crying: "Daddy, I'm sorry. Don't look like that! I won't do it any more!"

He was conscious of a kindred feeling now. The things which a few moments before had seemed logical, blameless, now made him

shudder. That hurt, reproving, sorrowing look of his father's seemed to be burning into his soul.

Harold Merkley bowed his head over the silver frame and dry sobs shook him.

The telephone jangled. At first he did not heed. It jangled again more persistently.

He got to his feet at last and started to the desk. He stopped at the mantle and looked at the pictured face of the blonde woman. The telephone kept ringing. He stood irresolutely, a mighty struggle in his soul. Then he turned and picked up the receiver.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was Christmas morning. Outside the world was still and white. Alice Merkley opened her eyes and lay wondering what was the burden which had troubled her sleep. Then it came back—her anxiety for Junior.

Where was he this morning? Was he speeding away with another man's wife to join a gambling ring—or had he been saved by her love and the protecting memory of an adored father? She dared not let herself hope. There must be, perhaps, long hours and days of waiting and fear—then perhaps the shattering of all she had worked and prayed and sacrificed to build.

And it was Christmas day. The day of peace. Oh, if only she might have the peace of knowing her boy was saved.

On the dresser and table were stacked presents and letters and cards from the girls who had begged her to come to them; from friends far and near who never forgot. But she had no heart to open them. There was nothing from her boy, when all it would take to bless the day would be an assurance that he had been spared to her in his manhood and honor.

Finally she arose and listlessly put on her clothes. She went to the tiny kitchenette to prepare her breakfast; but returned with the task unaccomplished. She could not eat.

She sat listlessly in a chair by the window. Had it all been purely her imagination and longing that had brought Hal's helping presence to her that day of her distraction over Junior's danger? Hadn't Hal been there at all? Hadn't he been near her on those other occasions when she had been so sure?

Oh, but to know that he knew! To be sure he was sometimes as near as he seemed! To feel the sustaining comfort of that assurance that he *had* found his way back and was helping her on through the years!

If she had been mistaken that day he had seemed to suggest sending his "creed" to Junior,—if he had not been there then—he had not been near on those other occasions, and she couldn't bear to think of life stripped of that blessed assurance.

If Junior was lost, her faith would be shattered; and the sustaining power of her whole life gone.

As she sat in this agony of dread, Alice Merkley saw a messenger boy coming up the street. He bore a yellow envelope in his hand. He turned in at the walk. She heard his ring at the door and the next moment the landlady was calling for her.

Instinctively she knew the message was from her boy; but even after it was in her trembling fingers she couldn't bring herself to open it. So much depended upon the words she would find therein.

At last she compelled herself to break the seal. Hesitatingly she unfolded the sheet and brought her eyes to the typed words:

*"Mother Darling:* I'm coming home for a few days. Forget the 'bunk' I wrote last. Must see you, and want to talk with Judge Hartley about plans for after college. Arrive 12:10 Christmas.

Lovingly,  
JUNIOR."

## There is Good in Every Heart

Though way down a fellow falls,  
There is something yet that calls  
To his conscience, now and then,  
Lifting up his heart again.  
Something rousing faith and hope,  
That with trials he may cope,  
Something that these words impart—  
"There is good in ev'ry heart!"

Though some persons, in our view,  
An abhorrent trade pursue:  
Though one's record oft has been  
A reproachful one of sin:  
Though one's countenance betrays  
Character of shameful ways:  
Charity shall yet impart—  
"There is good in ev'ry heart!"

Innocent as any child  
Ere temptation has beguiled  
Were all those who are maligned  
As the outcasts of mankind.  
More or less we're all astray  
From the more enlightened way—  
Let our kindest thoughts impart  
"There is good in ev'ry heart!"

Los Angeles, Calif.

JOSEPH LONGKING TOWNSEND.

## A TRIBUTE

Harrison R. Merrill writes the *Improvement Era* that this tribute to President Heber J. Grant was paid by Dr. George H. Brimhall, president emeritus of Brigham Young University, in the devotional exercises of that institution on the occasion of President Grant's seventieth birthday, November 22, 1926:

"Today I wish to pay tribute to the individual Heber J. Grant upon the occasion of his seventieth birthday; to the President of the Church, Heber J. Grant; to the Trustee-in-Trust, and to the President of the Board of Brigham Young University. In each capacity he is worthy of the highest esteem.

"It is a notable fact that no President of the Church has ever been required to give bonds, yet there has never been an accusation of misappropriation of funds.

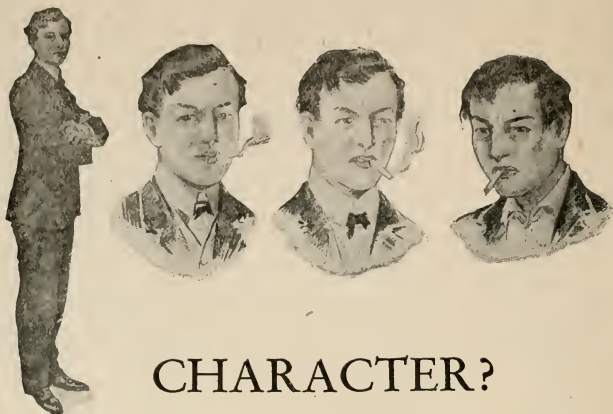
"Judged by the literature he loves, he is a lure to loftiness; measured by the songs he loves to sing and to hear, he is a bugle call of encouragement; known by the character of his friends, he is a citadel of safety; understood in the light of his life-long generosity, he is a rare sample of the Good Samaritan.

"The progress of God's Church under his leadership proclaims him an inspired leader. Aside from vested authority, apart from position, President Heber J. Grant stands among men:

"Straight as the flight of time; true as tempered steel;

Quick as the lightning flash; a dynamo of zeal."





## CHARACTER?

### Yes—Tobacco Character

From start to finish; from  
 borrowed brightness to *broken*  
*body and mind.*

The Law may be helpless to  
 p r e v e n t this tragic doom—  
 BUT YOU CAN!

## Decide to do it NOW!



## GLADSOMELY BEATS THE COLLECTOR-HEART

BY FRANK BECKWITH

He who gathers is gregarious—he craves company. Just scratch the ground a little by his lair, and surely another will be discovered. Put your ear to the ground and you'll hear each, by turns, impatiently break in with, "Now I've got—"

" 'Now I've got' in my office in Delta an old Indian bow; broken, it's true, but priceless. It was once sinew-wrapped, which was applied wet, very tightly wound, and then allowed to shrink. As it shrunk it cut the form of the windings deeply in the wood. Now that the years have rotted the sinew away, the wood bears the imprint of those wrappings. Once, too, it was notched for the string. I wonder where on its hilt (if hilt it has) it was notched for the men it felled. For the former owner of my bow didn't get the army overcoat he was buried in except with that bow, nor the saddle in his sepulchre, either.

"I love that old bow. I found it in an Indian grave, with some of his other possessions.

" 'And I've got' an old Indian bowl; shattered to bits by the years; much patched. Old—Oh yes! Three hundred years if it's a day, and maybe three times three hundred!

" 'And I've got' a sleigh bell in my show case, a plain, bronze sleigh bell, worth about a tuppence—but money couldn't buy it! Buried with a chief was that old bell; and his horse slain as close beside his grave as the rocks would permit. Imagine that if you will! Buried with a man of importance, a man who commanded and whose commands were bid; buried with such a man, as one of his most prized possessions. A sleigh bell! A tinkling sleigh bell! That priceless object, coveted by many a warrior of that day—that sleigh bell was entombed with my chieftain—a chieftain whose unerring arrow would have silenced the writer of these lines with one TWANG, had we met two generations ago!

"Ah, my sleigh bell! the bow (treasured more than Ulysses prized his famous weapon)! that bowl! What flights do not my priceless treasures induce!"

See how glibly my story reels off—and I am only a beginner-collector.

Joseph Shuey of Scipio was out roaming around in the hills south of that town this fall, looking for I don't know what, until he became tired. He saw a nice little ledge jutting out from a wall,

on which a man might very comfortably stretch himself for a nap—very inviting.

So Mr. Shuey went to this ledge and was about to lie down, when his eye caught a something, which at the moment looked suspiciously like a hornet's nest, but upside down. Usually a hornet's nest hangs suspended; but this object lay upon the ledge, under the protection of the overhang, resting on its wide bottom, the conical end uppermost.

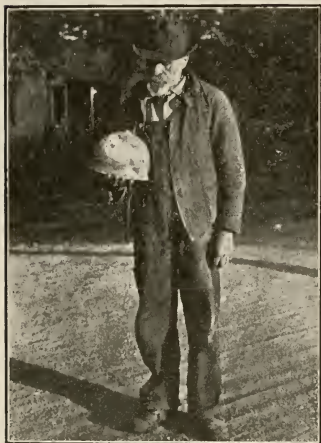


Photo by Frank Beckwith  
Joseph Shuey and his bowl that looks as if it was made within a basket, which was later burned away.

Mr. Shuey flecked a pebble at it. Instead of the dull thud *papier mache* gives out (for out of that material our first paper-maker builds his house), this object rang with an almost metallic clink.

That was greatly unexpected to Joseph Shuey, so he investigated.

"Gladly beats the collector-heart"—particularly when in the quest of his quarry. With beating heart he prodded the thing with a stick. No hornets buzzed from beneath it. He gained courage to pry it loose, and it toppled over; then he saw it was a hollow bowl.

Mr. Shuey had found an ancient piece of Indian pottery! A relic from the race of long ago! How long ago, no one knows.

And my heart beat gladly, as a brother collector, when I saw this bowl that Joseph Shuey had found. It is eleven inches in diameter, with an orifice nine inches across; the contour of the bowl is restricted at the neck, as is the shape and fashion of all well-dressed bowls of that period. In height it is eleven inches. It has a small nub of solid pottery at the bottom, exactly as if the nub once rested in a corresponding hole in a basket. This fact gives rise to the thought that the maker of the bowl first made a basket of twined rushes or twigs, and then took dabs of mud, and deftly shaped them inside that basket, sticking on until welded, squeezed thin and thinner, adding, pressing, joining coil after coil, cementing bit after bit to the wall that was slowly progressing, guided by eye and hand, and a subtle sixth

sense known among master artisans as "feel," until she had constructed within that basket this bowl. Many who have studied the bowl think it bears the imprint of the weaving or plaiting of the basket once enclosing it. A smooth rock was held against the outside of the bowl to take up the pressure of her work. Then when fashioned, basket and all were stuck into the fire, and this bowl was fire-baked, the basket being burned away—but its imprint left.

Such is the bowl found by Joseph Shuey, of the town of Scipio, county of Millard, in the state once owned by the Yewtahs, whose progenitors made that bowl.



*Photo by Frank Beckwith.*

A pleasant smile overspreads the face of Mr. Pierson as he fondles his Indian treasures.

Carl O. W. Pierson, now of Sandy, was Cashier of the State Bank of Oasis, Oasis, Utah, in Millard county, from 1910 to 1920. During those ten years he lived on the great alkali flat of the Sevier desert.

Around Oasis and Deseret was the home of the nomadic Indian each winter, in the dim and distant past, just as it was in the near-modern epoch. It was mild in climate; snow fell but lightly, and what little did fall soon disappeared; it was dry under foot. When the white man came there in the early '50's, he found wickiups aplenty dotted over the bottoms, just as it was in the time of many generations ago, when each winter it was inhabited by the race which dwelt here preceding the Ute. For what was

adaptable to the present Indian's mode of life was equally favorable to his ancestors.

Hence the region around Deseret and Oasis is a veritable treasure-house of things Indian.

Mr. Pierson got many. He began gathering. And as he gathered, "gladsomely beat the collector-heart" within him as he saw his prizes gain in number, one by one.

Peter Skeem, brother of Bishop Marcus Skeem, was plowing his field one day, when the plow shattered some pottery. He stopped, became interested, and with his hands, loosened the dirt. To his great joy he uncovered another bowl, unbroken, a specimen absolutely perfect.

Carl O. W. Pierson now owns that bowl. See the happy smile on his face! See with what fondness he stoops to take that treasure lovingly upon his knee! How fondly do the eyes of a collector dwell upon his heart's desire!

This bowl is perfect as a specimen of ancient pottery. Thin, well executed, it is a piece of plain (undecorated) workmanship ranking with the best of that period. It has seen fire service, for it is burned black with many fires. The neck orifice is eight and a half inches in diameter; the full swell of the bowl at its greatest girth is thirteen inches across, and the height a trifle more than twelve inches.

To the left of the bowl which is shown in the photo on Mr. Pierson's knee, is his big metate (corn-grinding stone)—a huge slab, rounded out in a hollow scoop, worn that way because of the hundreds and hundreds of corn-grinding operations conducted upon it. For a woman sat before that stone, poured into the hollow some corn, and with a mano (the upper, small handstone used for grinding) in her hands, crushed the corn into a meal, from which she was shortly to make a cake. And from long-continued eating of the meal so highly impregnated with stone dust as were those cakes (which the modern Pueblo and the present-day Mexican call a "tortilla") the teeth of all who partook of them were ground down.

"Yes, yes," I hasten to interject; "'now I've got' a skull in my office, in which every tooth is ground down just like that, showing the dark rings of the underbone, because all the enamel is worn off the grinding surfaces."

In the photo of Mr. Pierson, next to the larger metate, and showing as a stick standing on the ground before the white and smaller grinding stone, is an ancient Indian bow. It rests against a crotch above at one end, and the other rests upon the ground. That bow is of two pieces of wood, adroitly fastened together, back to back, and showing the sinew marks of the former wrapping.

The white slab of stone to the left is one of the nicest metates I have ever seen. It is made of a close-grained, white rock, thin, graceful, and beautiful. It is worn as nicely as hundreds of years of use of such a stone could fashion it. For I firmly believe that many of these portable metates outlived several generations, and that a use extending over a period of one hundred years or even more is not excessive. I think they were kept in use until broken and thus rendered unfit for further service.

Lastly, the hobby to which Mr. Pierson has given full bent, has added to his collection a book of which he is very proud. It is "A Herbarium." His father-in-law, Erick Gillen, filled a mission in Sweden in 1894 and 1895. In his peregrination over that land, back and forth, 'round and about, he gathered one of every grass, herb, root, vine, and flower, and put each into a large volume, delicately



held in place by ingeniously gummed wafers. He put the book under pressure in a warm and dry place, and now, after thirty-two years, the delicate leaves, the tiny tendrils, each form and contour, every dainty color and tint, is as perfectly preserved as if done yesterday. And to the names of each in Swedish, he added its technical Latin name.

It is a work of love. It speaks the work of two years of a collector's time and toil, devotedly given to that task. Of it Mr. Pierson is justly proud.

It is all the more valuable to him for the fact that when he was twenty-two he himself went on a mission to the same land, went over much of the same territory and now has delightful reminiscences to entertain his listener as he turns the pages of that precious book.

When among his treasuretrove, surely Mr. Pierson must take great satisfaction in his collection which the years and his inclination have brought him.

\* \* \* \* \*

Should you come into my office some time when gloom hangs heavy, when Old Man Grouch sits enthroned, just slip up and murmur, "Now I've got—"

Immediately will the magic words unleash a glib tongue; vigorously will I snatch the bait and run with the line, spinning off the full reel of my own story. For each precious object in my tiny collection has an episode connected with it that to me is enthralling. Each has its own bit of personal history. "As I was busied in taking the photo of this hieroglyphic, a rattler buzzed at me, and I deliberately insulted him by going on with the work—and added coals of fire on his head by sparing his life. In fact, when I met him a week later, I met him as an old friend and took his picture." Or, "I slept in Clear Creek Canyon eleven nights in the summer of '26 to get the psychic hang of the thing. That photo there of a hieroglyph discovered in the canyon, I consider rather expensive, for I lost a pair of toric-lens spectacles in the rocks there, and never could find them. Cost me \$18."

And thus does a bit of history cling around each object. If you can only induce me to begin, I must then tell my story.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Gladsoemly beats the collector-heart," whether viewing his own, or seeing what his brother has gathered about him. Any of us may become "The Keeper of a Wonder House;" and as curator of that priceless collection, any of us will become a fluent speaker if you'll only say, "Now I've got—"

*Delta, Utah.*

# IN VIEW OF THE NEW YEAR

## The Joy of Service

BY WALTER M. HORNE, OF THE Y. M. M. I. A., ENSIGN STAKE

"A new commandment I give unto you; that ye love one another, as I have loved you."

If the Master were to appear among us today, would he find it necessary to repeat to the modern world that commandment he uttered so long ago? How many of us Latter-day Saints love one another as Jesus Christ, our Lord, loves us? These questions should not be difficult to answer, if we are honest with ourselves. It might, however, be well to apply our love for our fellowmen as a test of its extent and magnitude. We may then come to a clearer understanding of how nearly we are living up to that important commandment.

It seems to me that the greatest test of all is unselfish service in which self is subordinated, and one sees clearly the wants and needs of those around him. He who gives heed to the mute pleadings of his fellows, who can minister to their wants, though his own are yet unsatisfied, and who tries to see and trust and understand—he it is who truly loves his fellowmen. The Book of Mormon teaches that "men are that they might have joy." I know of no source which can bring us greater joy in mortality than that of unselfish service to God and his children. It is impossible to perform a service equal to that which Christ himself performed; yet each in his finite sphere can perform miracles that are great, though seemingly small; that are noble, though unpraised.

I am reminded of the saying of the Master: "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me." Many of us are perhaps inclined to accept this only in the more physical and concrete sense, and to overlook the moral and spiritual meaning which also underlies the Master's words. It is not necessary that we perform some great temporal service that will be shouted from the housetops and acclaimed by our fellows. The gospel is one of simplicity, love, and understanding—a gospel of little things as well as of mighty principles and truths.

"I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat!" Jesus must have seen around him many weary, discouraged souls, hungry for encouragement; starving for the moral support of friends and associates; waiting in vain for the words of hope and trust that would start them again on the upward journey. We, too, can see around us

such famished souls, but we are so wrapped up in ourselves, so busy satisfying our own cravings and desires, that we often fail to see the soul-hunger which pleads in vain from the eyes of those we meet, every day, on life's pathway. Surely, out of the abundance of our hope and faith, we can give unto them the meat of encouragement, and assist them to rise refreshed and strengthened, to face their future tasks!

"I was thirsty and ye gave me drink!" Although they live in a world which is full of beauty, love, and goodness; although surrounded by thousands of their fellowmen, there are many souls around us who, tired, weary, and alone, wander over the desert sands of loneliness, thirsting for the love which resides in the hearts of others, yet is not shown by any outward sign; thirsting for some indication of affection, for some simple word of love or friendship. We find this condition in the schools, in practically all society, and also in the home, where such a thirst should never be. I do not mean to say that we love our associates the less. It is merely that we fail to show our true affection. How are they to know of the love that dwells within us if we give no outward demonstration of that love? Margaret Sangster has said:

"We have careful thoughts for the stranger,  
And smiles for the sometimes guest;  
But oft for our own the bitter tone,  
Though we love our own the best."

And it takes such a little effort on our part to better this condition! We can forget ourselves long enough to bestow upon them some mark of affection—show them that we do indeed love them and are interested in what they are and what they do. We can moisten the sands of loneliness with the dew of devotion, so that the desert may indeed blossom and grow green beneath their feet! We can take these lonely souls by the hand and lead them to the grove of friendship, where the spring of love bubbles ever fresh, and where, shaded from the heat of a thoughtless neglect, their aching hearts may find a welcome rest!

"I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me!" We have known people who, through a moment of forgetfulness or folly, perhaps, have done some little wrong, with the result that they are literally outcasts from society, shunned by those who were once proud to call them friends. If we would know true joy, we must show that in us they still have friends; we must teach them that the follies of the past should not darken the entire future—that the coming tomorrows contain many golden opportunities to rectify their sad mistakes. We can take them into our hearts and assist them to rise above the evil plane of yesterday to higher things! So doing we will begin to know what joy means.

"I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me!" Many are sick at heart, locked deep within the dungeon of doubt—weary of life and its many problems. If we would know true joy, we can visit these imprisoned souls, and show them the bigger, better way, place in their world a new star of hope toward which their souls can yearn, and lead them forth into the blessed light and sunshine of higher faith and broader understanding!

If we feel inclined to doubt the blessedness of simple service, think of the words of Jesus: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Let us remember at the opening of the New Year that the gospel of Jesus Christ must be the guide of our every-day lives—that only through applying its principles every day of the year to our thought, word and act, do we come to know the meaning of the joy of service, which is the object of life.

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### I'm Thinkin'

I'm thinkin' what a joy 'twould be,  
 If we could but have known,  
 Yesterday, the things that we  
 Today have now been shown.

I'm thinkin' how much happier  
 We might have been, had we  
 But chosen, yesterday, the path  
 Today we clearly see.

I'm thinkin' how much pleasanter  
 This world would be today,  
 If we had only spoken kind  
 To friends of yesterday.

I'm thinkin' of the gladness that  
 Sad hearts could now have known,  
 Had we but strewn, yesterday,  
 The flowers that now are gone.

I'm thinkin,' also, that this day  
 Will soon be yesterday;  
 And how we'd better start right in  
 And do those things today.

LLOYD O. IVIE.

# YOUTH OF ZION

*Firm march time.*

EVAN STEPHENS

*f*

1. Youth of Zi - on! Heirs to glo - ry! See ye not the work be - fore ye!
2. Wait-ing for the Gospel's warn-ing, For the blessed light of morning,
3. No, beloved, ye are not sleeping, But a ready vig - il keeping,
4. Youth of Zi - on, ev - er growing, Ev - er faithful, ev - er glowing,

*f*

With God's banner waving o'er ye, Urg-ing on and on.....  
 Out of darkness deep, and mourning, Of the faithless night..  
 For the call—then-ea-ger leaping To the glorious task....  
 Ev - er on - ward, up-ward go-ing, T'wards the heav'nly goal...

*f*

With a wide world of all na-tions Sink-ing now in deg - ra - da - tion,  
 Have ye for a space for-got-ten, You're the "messengers" be-got-ten,  
 In your voic-es I can hear it—How your hearts are ev-er near it—  
 Trust in God, keep pure and holy, Cast a - side all pride and fol - ly,

*p*

*Rit.*

*f*

Waiting freedom—the sal - va - tion Of His blessed Son.  
 To re-lieve a world be - sot - ten, Waiting for the light?  
 How you love and nev-er fear it, Help us Lord, we ask.  
 And the Lord to work will call ye, Call ye one and all.

## WESTERNERS IN ACTION

### B. T. Higgs, Philosopher, Builder

BY HARRISON R. MERRILL

It is certain that scores of men come upon the world's stage, play their parts well before the audience and then depart without receiving the applause that is due them. They are like excellent members of a cast who have an important part to play in the drama, but a part that merely carries on the action for the star performers. Many a play has been made by these lesser characters, and many a play has been marred by them, yet the stars receive all of the honor and sometimes, but rarely, the blame. B. T. Higgs, superintendent of buildings and grounds at Brigham Young University, is one of those whose work, though good, has not been applauded, at least publicly.

Thirty years ago this man with multiple talents came to Provo to permit his daughter to study at the Brigham Young Academy. He had no idea, at that time, of making his home permanently here. Upon his arrival, however, he was invited to take charge of the wood-work department of the academy, as he had spent much of his life as a carpenter in his home county, and was well known in Salt Lake City and Ogden as a builder. He left employment at which he was receiving a salary of \$5 a day—a huge sum in those days—to take up the wood-work at Brigham Young Academy for a dollar a day. Now, of course, his salary is commensurate with his service.

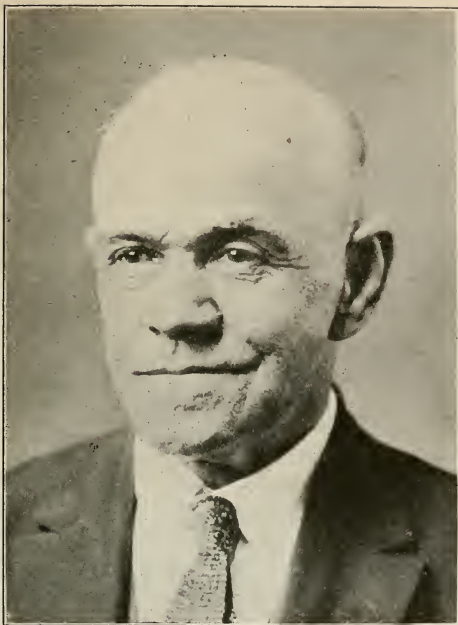
Mr. Higgs later assumed charge of the buildings and the heating system, a position which he has held with honor for nearly a quarter of a century. During that time he has not only had charge of his own buildings, but has been used by the Church as an expert in planning and remodeling the heating and ventilating systems of other school buildings owned by the Church.

Men who had their wood-work under B. T. Higgs went into many of the high schools of the state where they have taught with honor. Others have gone out into practical life where they have made good at their work.

For a number of years Mr. Higgs has given all of his attention to the job of making students and faculty members comfortable at the lowest possible cost at the parent Church school. To assist him in this work he has called to his aid scores of college students who have been eager to work a little to assist themselves through school.

B. T. Higgs is not an ordinary custodian. He is a philosopher, as well as a practical worker at a dozen trades. He can think of some of the grand things of the universe, as well as he can fit a pipe, mend a boiler, hang a door, or do a thousand and one other things





B. T. HIGGS

that, during the last twenty-five years, he has been called on to do. Though busy always, he calls his workers together occasionally for instructions. During that period he gives them bits of philosophy which have been gathered by a busy man out of a busy life. The boys who work under his direction appreciate these talks and carry away with them much that is of service to them in their lives. On some occasions he has had his talks printed in order that the boys might have copies. Some of the most prominent men in this state have worked under the direction of this philosopher-superintendent.

Some of his bits of wisdom are:

"Father used to tell me that unless you can do a job right, don't do it at all.

"If a man would ask me to do a job with material unsuited to the job, why I wouldn't do the job at all.

"Do your work well. No man ever rose to power in his profession if he slighted his work in any way.

"You are just young men building your manhood. The things you learn are just like drops of water in a cup: you are gaining these

principles of knowledge, you are linking up your material, you are getting ready to do the job you have before you. Become a master in your profession and you will become a leader. Either you will be a follower or a leader. It is better to be a good follower than a poor leader, yet it is better to be a good leader. You cannot do it just by saying you want to; you must get the determination to build a foundation."

Scores of young men now out in the world engaged in various occupations and professions came under the direction of B. T. Higgs. It would give him real pleasure to hear from any or all of them and to learn in what way or to what extent his relationship with them has proved profitable. Although Mr. Higgs is approaching the age when many men rest from their labors, he is still vigorous and strong. He can ride a bicycle to a line, or saw to a mark. He is ever at work doing his bit to better the institution of which he is exceedingly proud, and to which he has given so much of his life.

*Provo, Utah.*

## Work and Fun

"Our Fathers and Sons' outing this year was held on the top of Koosharem mountain, August 10-12. We had plenty of fresh,



Top: Part of the crowd which attended our Fathers and Sons' Outing at Koosharem Mountain, Sevier stake M. I. A.

Bottom: E. Elroy Thurston and his five sons at the Koosharem Mountain Fathers and Sons' Outing.

spring water, tall, green pines, and were located close to a large, open space, where we conducted our games and held our evening camp-fire program. Everybody was kept busy with plenty of work and fun. All voted to come back again next year. Thanks to Brother Moroni Smith, chairman of the outing. E. Elroy Thurston had five sons present, also Soren Sorenson was present with his five sons, and there were altogether 183 who registered.—W. S. Warner, Superintendent, Richfield, Utah, Sevier stake.

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## Dreams

I dream magic dreams of such wonderful things;  
Of love, and achievement, and life—  
A life idealistic where harmony rings  
'Bove the tumult of labor and strife.

Of things that are fine, and things that are rare;  
Of love that exalts and ne'er dies;  
Of paintings, and starlight, and music, and prayer.  
And of peaks where eternal snow lies.

In my dreams I would fly to the suncrest of things;  
I would spurn all the vulgar and base;  
I would soar to the heights, on undaunted wings,  
Till I stood on the summits of space.

But I wake from my dreams, and the world presses 'round,  
And my rose garden rankles with weeds;  
The peaks are obscured—my feet trudge the ground—  
And my soulflight is stayed by misdeeds.

And my once starlit sky sheds no glamour nor gloss;  
For harsh daylight has shattered its sheen;  
And my painting, I find, is mere pigment and cloth—  
And I find that my dreams are—just dreams.

But think not that my meteor dream-flash was vain;  
For it lit the rough path where I plod;  
And I cry out with joy as I stumble again  
One step nearer my dream-plane—and God.

*Preston, Idaho.*

O. E. HOWELL.

## MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS

Behold, I will send for many fishers, saith the Lord, and they shall fish them: and after will I send for many hunters, and they shall hunt them from every mountain, and from every hill, and out of the holes of the rocks.—Jer. 16:16.

### Conference and Outing

The San Diego semi-annual missionary conference, for October, was held on the 29th and 30th, with President Joseph W. McMurrin and President L. R. Wright in attendance. Priesthood meeting was held Saturday morning, with all the missionaries in attendance. In the afternoon a most delightful banquet was served by the San Diego Relief Society. A program was cleverly worked out and presented by the missionaries to the conference, with Sister May I. Hansen acting as master of ceremonies. On Saturday



MISSIONARIES AND MEMBERS OF THE SAN DIEGO CONFERENCE

Front row, left to right: Sister T. W. Duke, member; Sister Mary I. Hansen. L. R. Wright, conference president; Mission President Joseph W. McMurrin; Sister L. N. Oakley, member; Sister Alta C. Oakley; Brother Milligair. Back row: L. L. Taggart; Ethel K. Williams, member; D. K. Warner; A. G. Willie; Rachel Larson; E. S. Willardson; Sister Phoebe Snyder, member; Sister J. W. Lund, member; Dortha Oakley; Milton P. Ashton, visitor from the Mexican mission.

evening a session of the Relief Society was held, Sister Margaret K. Miller presiding. Good reports were rendered, and timely instructions were given by Sisters Miller and Stahr. On Sunday three general sessions were held, at which all the missionaries, including some visitors, delivered excellent discourses on truths of the restored gospel, and bore testimonies of the goodness of God to his people. The conference was the largest ever held in this section, and many heard the word of the Lord for the first time. Monday evening, November 1, all the missionaries and some of the Saints and friends enjoyed an outing up the Pacific coast about thirty-five miles, at which a delightful time was experienced, a fitting climax to our wonderful conference.—L. R. Wright, President San Diego conference.

## The Work Helped Onward by a Chevrolet

Elders Var O. Buchanan, Blackfoot, Idaho, and R. Claude Boyce, of Murray, Utah, laboring in Clarksdale, Arizona, have been successful in tracting and re-tracting that city. They have found many friends and quite a large number of investigators, and have been able to hold a number of cottage meetings. When they finished tracting the town, they began country work among the scattered ranches of Arizona; so scattered, in fact, that it is almost impossible to visit all of them in the usual missionary way—walking—so one of the Saints offered them his car. After using the car for a week, they had been successful in visiting all the branches within a radius of a hundred miles of Clarksdale. They had wonderful success in reaching many people who had never been visited by "Mormon" elders before, "and they seemed over-joyed to see us," they write. They continue, "The people of the country are surely hospitable. We were able to hold cottage meetings in their homes and dispose of several copies of the Book of Mormon. By modern ways of travel, the gospel is being taken to many who are honest in heart, and who would perhaps not hear it without."

## Eleven Baptisms in Aarhus, Denmark

At a conference held on the 17th and 18th of October in Aarhus, and preceding the regular conference meetings, a fine and well attended concert was given, under the auspices of the local L. D. S. choir, led by Elder Eugene F. Erickson, with Sister Frida Jensen as organist. The choir was aided by the missionaries. On Sunday evening the hall was crowded to capacity, 144 being present. Nearly half of this number were strangers and



ELDERS OF AARHUS, DENMARK

Back row, left to right: Frank Van Cott, Chas. A. Larsen, Karl M. J. Thomsen, Searen W. Hansen, Heber J. Christensen, Alfred L. Sorensen. Middle row: Wm. Georgeson, Eugene F. Erickson, J. Howard Fjeldsted, Richard T. Andersen, Holger P. Peterson, Clifton E. Henrichsen, Hugo D. Jorgensen. Front row: Hans Andersen; Niels J. Larsen, president Copenhagen conference; Rasmus Michelsen, president Aarhus conference; Joseph L. Peterson, mission president; P. S. Christiansen, editor *Skand. Star*; Egbert M. Larsen, president Aalborg conference; Neils Peter Rasmussen.



investigators. Four missionaries were called to go to Sleswig to open up new branches there. There were, Charles A. Larsen and Alfred L. Sorenson to Sonderborg, and Wm. Georgeson and Searen W. Hansen to Haderslev. Sleswig, formerly belonging to Germany, is practically new and virgin territory for our missionaries. The results of their labors will be awaited with keen interest. We have had eleven baptisms in Aarhus since the last conference. A splendid spirit prevailed and we were favored with excellent talks by Joseph L. Peterson, president of the mission, and E. S. Christiansen, editor of the *Scandinavian Star*.—*Rasmus Michelsen*, conference president.

## Journeyed Seven Hundred Miles

Lyman C. Pedersen, president of the West Virginia conference south, reports that four elders traveled seven hundred miles, from Charleston, West Virginia, by way of Huntington, West Va., Columbus, Ohio, Wheeling, West Va., Pittsburg, Pa., Gettysburg, Pa., and Philadelphia, meeting the elders in the various cities enroute and holding meetings with them. The four elders composed a quartette, and with their singing at the various places they were able to attract much attention, especially at street meetings. The unique feature of the trip was that they took the highway all the way to Philadelphia, obtaining rides here and there in automobiles. "The people," says President Pedersen, "with whom we rode frequently commented on our appearance and honesty. We had many wonderful conversations, many of them being on Utah and especially Salt Lake City. The opportunity afforded us a chance to explain the doctrines of 'Mormonism' to them, and correct some of their erroneous ideas concerning the 'Mormons'. The route we took was over the old Zane Pike, which is commonly called the 'Main Street of America,' the old stage and pony express having traversed this trail in early years. Many historical places were visited, such as, Gettysburg, York, and while in Philadelphia we visited the Sesqui-centennial, Independence Hall, Congress Hall, Carpenter's Hall, and other historic places. We consider that our visit and trip resulted in much good. The elders who traveled seven hundred miles were President Lyman C. Pedersen, Logan, Utah; Lewis T. Ellsworth, Salt Lake City; Lowell R. Berry, Salt Lake City; Nile G. Matthews, Oakley, Idaho.—*Lyman C. Pedersen*, President West Virginia Conference South.

## Pre-Existence and Purposes of Earth Life

The above was the topic of President B. H. Roberts, who was in attendance at the semi-annual conference of Rochester, Eastern States mission, October 23 and 24, 1926. Many friends and investigators present were impressed with the spirit of the occasion. Conference President A. S. Millward and Elder C. R. Bradford were released to return to their homes. The elders and missionaries in this conference are striving to maintain a high standard in their work, and we are being helped in this direction by the inspiration and blessings of our heavenly Father, for which we are thankful.—*O. D. Jones*, conference president.

## Many People Hear the Gospel in Wales

Owing to the present coal strike in Great Britain, thousands of men are thrown out of work and have thus been given an opportunity and time to hear the gospel message. Every effort has been made by the missionaries in the Welsh district to take advantage of this opportunity. Street meetings have been held, attended by hundreds of attentive and interested listeners, with no disturbance to mar the joy that comes from teaching the gospel. Lengthy and beneficial conversations were held with interested parties after the



meetings, to which also crowds of bystanders have listened. We changed our meeting place of the last two district conferences from the larger cities to the small mining town of Varteg, with the result that we have had a marked increase in attendance and interest. During the Sunday school session of the conference held on Sunday, October 31, 1926, a splendid program was developed, comprising scripture citation, the reading of essays and poems, short addresses, chosen hymns, all devoted to the theme of "Prayer." Elder James E. Talmage, president of the European mission, was the principal speaker at each of the three sessions. More than 250 persons were present at the evening meeting, two-thirds of whom were non-members. Favorable accounts of the meetings were given in the leading newspapers of South Wales.—*Thomas Biggs*.



ELDERS OF THE WELSH CONFERENCE

Back row, left to right: Godfrey Holmes, Alberta, Canada; Ezra M. Parry, Ogden; William Paxman, Nephi; Daniel W. Jones, Samaria, Idaho; Jay M. Booth, Nephi. Front row: Thomas Biggs, Winter Quarters, Utah, conference president; James E. Talmage, mission president; Ariel G. Evans, Logan, conference clerk.

## President Grant at Sheridan, Wyoming

The Black Hills conference was held recently at Sheridan, Wyoming. All the elders, except four, were present, and they were at Hot Springs, South Dakota, where they held a funeral over the remains of Sister Anna Straton. This is the fourth funeral which the elders have attended in the Black Hills conference this year, and held for members and non-members. Two baptisms were held at Sheridan during the conference, in which six persons entered into the fold of Christ, which makes about sixty so far this year who have been baptized. An elder and also two deacons were ordained. It was intended that the new chapel should be dedicated during the conference, but arrangements had been made with President Grant, through President Knight, that President Grant would come out some time later to dedicate the building. In the meantime, the elders were permitted to remain in Sheridan until President Grant should come. During this wait we held a series of meetings, which created a great deal of interest, and we received considerable favorable publication through the Sheridan papers, whose editors gave us free notices and also sent their reporters to our conference, and they gave excellent reports of our services. On October 29 the chapel at Sheridan was dedicated, President Grant and company being present.—*Elder Lewis R. Bird*, conference president, Rapid City, South Dakota.



#### MISSIONARIES OF THE BLACK HILLS CONFERENCE

Front row, left to right: Glen Williamson, Salt Lake City; Joseph H. Lym, Salt Lake City; Sister Grant, Salt Lake City; Sister Knight, Denver, Colorado; Archie Sant, Grace, Idaho; Hilbert Smith, Sugar City, Idaho; Wm. R. Winmill, Sugar City, Idaho. Second row: Arthur F. Bliss, Sunnyside, Utah; Alvin L. Jackson, Fountain Green, Utah; H. Karl Harrison, New Castle, Utah; John M. Knight, Denver, president of the Western States mission; Joseph Anderson, Salt Lake City; President Heber J. Grant of the L. D. S. Church. Back row: Elijah James, Fayett, Utah; Lewis R. Bird, president Black Hills conference, Rigby, Idaho.

### Great Success in New Fields

From Rochester, in the Eastern States mission, Elder O. D. Jones writes, under date of November 12: "During four weeks in the country traveling in a Ford car, we missionaries enjoyed success by getting into new fields, where elders had not been for years. We also traveled into the Indian district and made many friends. During these four weeks they were able to dispose of 102 Books of Mormon, 3,820 pamphlets, 26,600 tracts, 104 other books, and held 80 open-air meetings. The names of the elders making the trips are: C. R. Bradford, Franklin, Idaho; President Oren D. Jones, Lovell, Wyoming; J. W. Dunkley, Whitney, Idaho; J. H. Shawcroft, LaJara, Colorado."

# Editors' Table

## How to Succeed

Books and magazines by the thousands have been printed and circulated aiming to answer the question of success. The dollar is very close to the heart of the American man, and especially the young man; the desire for material success is universal, and that desire is not to be belittled, because we can do little unless we provide for ourselves and our own in a way that will give us a good standard of living and enable us, besides, to render some service to our fellows. We, therefore, aim for success and achievement, and are anxious for its rewards.

Just now in the big magazines and in books, the printed lives of successful men are eagerly sought, and the marvelous achievements which are held forth by lives of certain people who have succeeded in material things in this country are enthralling and enticing and very interesting. Take up the leading magazines for December, and we find they contain stories of men in big business, in newspaper management, in manufacturing, railroading, and many industries, and aim to show how they succeeded. A biographical sketch of some captain of industry is the kind of reading that is sought by every newspaper, magazine and book reader in the country.

In *Scribners*, for Christmas, 1926, Edward W. Bok, noted editor and author, answers the question of a young man, "Where can I find the rules for success?" He points out that with all the reading and the wide-spread thirst for material success, the American people have overlooked "the greatest book of success ever written, or that ever will be written."

The book to which he refers is preeminently the book of success, and written within the smallest compass, but, it is, strangely enough, little read. This notwithstanding it should have a special appeal to the average American, who is completely wedded, as he says, "to the digest or tabloid idea." The book he names is the gospel according to St. Matthew. "Within that limited space is contained every rule to achievement. Every sign to success is there, pointing straight and true. The entire road to success is charted there."

And yet, the average American appears to have little or no knowledge of this the greatest of all messages to achievement, notwithstanding the Bible is the most widely circulated book in the world, and also the book which presents unbelievable examples of brevity. Mr. Bok points out that within the twenty-eight chapters of the gospel according to St. Matthew, containing approximately

23,000 words, we find answer to the questions, "What is the secret of success?" "What are the rules of conduct?" "How shall we achieve?" "What is just?" "What is it right for me to do?" "Are human aspirations justifiable?" "Is wealth, the result of honest, successful endeavor, a rightful possession?" "What is money for?" "What is its wise use?" "Is it dross?" "Is it, after we earn it conscientiously, despised of God?" The answers to these, and many other questions in real success, he reiterates, are found in this remarkable book. And he says further, "Can the mind conceive a storehouse greater and fuller than is here given? One can hardly speak of it as a book. It is life, full and complete, touched at every point." We have in the first book of the New Testament "the Savior himself: his life; his precepts; his parables; his sayings, more directly and more helpfully than in any other book in the Bible." "What more can there be of promise where points the star of human achievement than the words, *'Believing, ye shall receive'*?"

We advise the young men of the Latter-day Saints to read this book carefully and study it, and carry out its instructions on achievement and success. Contemplate the statements, "*Be it unto thee as thou wilt;*" "*My words, they shall not pass away;*" "*I am with you always;*" "*Believing, ye shall receive.*"

As a New Year's resolution, what could be better than to resolve to read and study this wonderful literature? As a second resolution, what more appropriate and valuable than to decide to read the confirmations of Christ's mission and teachings found in the Book of Mormon? To make these books a course of reading for 1927 is indeed a worthy resolve for the New Year.—A.

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## Reflections

*Obedience*—Liberty without order is like a bubble—the brighter it grows the sooner it bursts. Obedience is the foundation of liberty. When the people obey they prosper, and without obedience there would be neither law nor liberty. We should soon be in the position of the people of which we read in the Bible: "In those days there was no king in Israel, but every man did that which was right in his own eyes." (Judges 21:24.)

*Pride*—Speaking of pride, a correspondent asks, "Why should not the spirits of mortals be proud?" The answer is, "Pride goeth before destruction; and God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble." This is not the only scriptural passage upon this subject; there are many others. Humility is a Christian virtue; pride is a characteristic of Satan.

*A warning*—At the stake conference of the North Weber stake on December 5, Elder Melvin J. Ballard, of the Council of the Twelve, called attention to three distinct dangers now threatening the

world. They are worthy of consideration, because we are in, if not of, the world. He named them as modernism, threatening faith in the revelations of God; a love of the material things of life, enticing people to seek for these, rather than for eternal riches; and immorality, which the speaker called the devil's most powerful weapon against God's sons and daughters. "Immorality," he said, "is the dark storm cloud passing over the earth, threatening the peoples of the nations with destruction."

## Books

A new poem, *The Exiles*, is a book of 269 pages, just issued from the *Deseret News Press*, by Alfred Osmond. The text is written in the meter of the old sagas, as used by Longfellow in "Hiawatha." There are twenty chapters dealing with the various phases of the story of the exiles and their heroic struggles and masterful achievements. The book is dedicated to his wife, Annie Lloyd Osmond, and to "our fathers and mothers who crossed the plains with handcart or covered wagon companies." There are ten original illustrations, drawings by C. Nelson White. Joseph Smith's vision and the early rise of the Church is treated, followed by the western migration, scenes at Winter Quarters, Mormon Battalion, Vanguard, and the Covered Wagon; two chapters are devoted to the handcart heroes; and the Cricket War and Johnston's Army are pictured. In the closing chapter, "Realization," the author dwells upon the peace and plenty that now prevail in the western land settled by the Latter-day Saints:

"Happy, happy, happy people  
In the valleys of the mountains,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
"You are standing on the threshold  
Of a great, unfolding future,  
That will drive away the darkness  
And the shadows from your homelands.

Will illumine the distant mountains,  
And will flood the land of Zion  
With the glory of his presence.  
High above the verdant hilltops  
Of your present state of being,  
You will climb the misty mountain  
Of devotion and advancement.

"When you came into existence,  
Stress and strife and tribulations  
Led you through the lonely valleys  
Of unfriendly desolation.  
\* \* \* \* \*

"Not in vain have been your strivings,  
Not in vain have been your sorrows.

"You are prosperous and happy.  
\* \* \* \* \*

"In the starlight, in the moonlight,  
In the sunlight of the future,  
In the valleys of the Westland,  
You will be a mighty people."

"Soon the sun with dazzling splendor,

The book *The Exiles* is on sale at the Deseret Book Company.

*The Scenic edition of the Christmas Deseret News*, edited by Horace H. Walker, was published Saturday, December 18, giving emphasis to the attractions Utah holds for the tourist, and for prospective home makers in the west. The paper appears larger and better than ever before. While the scenic features of Utah are extensively discussed, the industrial, agricultural and mining development of the state during the past year are told as well. The paper is profusely illustrated throughout. Activities of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and of the other churches, Catholic and protestant, in Salt Lake, are featured, and illustrations of church buildings, chapels and seminaries are given. Interesting features are the greetings extended by the First Presidency, and by public officials.



# Priesthood Quorums

*(All matters pertaining to the Aaronic Priesthood, presented under this heading, are prepared under direction of the Presiding Bishopric)*

## Supervision of Absent Members of Aaronic Priesthood Quorums

In a number of wards throughout the Church, some of the young men bearing the Aaronic Priesthood find it necessary to leave home not only during the Summer, but sometimes for longer periods to find employment or to attend school elsewhere. In all such cases it is the duty primarily of the ward supervisors of the Aaronic Priesthood to endeavor to secure the prospective addresses of the members before they leave home; or, failing in that, to get their addresses later from their parents.

The supervisors should then see to it that encouraging letters are sent these members at least every two or three months during their absence, if this is at all possible. The letters can be prepared and signed by the quorum presidency, the supervisor of the quorum or a member of the bishopric. Or, any member of the quorum might be appointed to write such letters. Appointments for this purpose should be distributed to each one in turn. They need not be lengthy and should be entirely friendly and informal.

Among other things that might be mentioned in such letters are the nature of the topics that are being taken up in the class lessons, the social activities of the quorum, the duties of the priesthood which the absent member should prepare for, the qualifications to develop in order to be most influential in the spreading of the gospel, preparation for his life's work, the blessings that come through faith, prayer and the observance of the gospel principles, and the resisting of temptations.

The absent members should be encouraged to reply, where practicable, even though they might be able to send by postcard only a few words of greetings and of recital of their activities.

The purpose of this activity, along with all of the supervision of the Aaronic Priesthood, is to give individual attention and direction to *every member* in order that each one shall develop an appreciation of his part in this great work.

## Service Performed by Deacons

Elders H. Eugene Hughes of the ward bishopric and Walter H. Moore, who have charge of the Deacons of the Spanish Fork Second ward report the following about the boys:

"They believe in the words found in James 1:22: Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only. They are putting into practice the training they receive in quorum meetings. They fill about ninety assignments each month. They support the sacramental meetings, auxiliary organizations, quorum meetings and Boy Scout work with their good attendance.

"One of the many worthy things they have done was accomplished at Thanksgiving time. The Saturday before Thanksgiving the boys took two wagons, drove to the river bottoms, cut down some dry trees, loaded them in the wagon and brought them to town, where they spent the rest of the day in sawing, splitting and cutting the trees into stove-wood lengths. On Thanksgiving morning the wood was distributed to the widows of the ward, the first quorum delivering wood to ten widows, and the second quorum to six. Enjoying this wonderful service were twenty-two energetic boys.



"This goes to show what a great opportunity the Aaronic Priesthood gives to the boy. It furnishes a channel through which he can express his desires to do good, in the betterment of himself and the happiness of others."

## Courses of Study—Aaronic Priesthood Quorums

The course of study for the Priests' quorums and classes for the year 1927 will be *Missionary Themes* No. 3, a continuation of the lessons used during the past two years. The lessons for the Teachers' quorum and classes will be topics relating to the *Discovery of Self, of Parents and of God*. The outlines for the Deacons' quorum will be *Incidents from the Lives of Church Leaders*.

The prices of these books are 15c each for the Priests', and 10c each for the Teachers' and Deacons' lessons. Orders with cash should be sent to the Deseret Book Store. They will be ready for delivery shortly after the first of the year.

It is very important that, as far as possible, every member of the Aaronic Priesthood throughout the Church have a copy of these lessons and that they all be encouraged to read all of the lessons carefully. Bishopricks of wards and supervisors should make special efforts to this end.

SYLVESTER Q. CANNON,

DAVID A. SMITH,

JOHN WELLS,

Presiding Bishopric.

## Reflections

*At the Close of the Year 1926*

Presented to the Members of the 18th Ward, Ensign Stake

BY BISHOP T. A. CLAWSON AND COUNSELORS

How have I taken advantage of the great blessings given to me of the Lord, in the observance of the Sabbath day, in meeting at the appointed place to worship him and partake of the holy Sacrament, thereby renewing my covenants with him and being strengthened in my battle against the sins of the world? Have I allowed trivial matters to take me away from this privilege and thereby lost a blessing?

What is my status before the Lord in the observance of the law of tithing? Have I been honest with him and paid my tenth with joy and thanksgiving, or have I sought to justify myself in thinking that I need it more than the Lord and thereby lose another blessing?

Is the cry of distress of the poor going up to the ear of the Lord because of failure to do my part in giving something on Fast day to help make them glad and happy?

Shall I be condemned before the Lord because I have failed to exercise the holy Priesthood which has been conferred upon me, and my neglect of duty is the cause of great sorrow among my fellowmen? Have I refused a duty imposed upon me or performed it with little spirit—reluctantly?

Or, do I love the Lord above all else and wish to be one with him in his great work?

Do I approach my heavenly Father through prayer, morning and night, for guidance and protection and call my children and teach them to take part in praying in the family circle where we can feel the spirit of each as they all in turn supplicate the throne of grace in behalf of all?

Brethren and Sisters, let us ponder these things in our hearts, and wherein we have been remiss during the year now passing, we can make amends during the year 1927, by seeking to the best of our ability to do all in our power for the glory of our Father and his work.

We wish all a joyful Christmas and a Happy New Year.

# Mutual Work

## Introductions to the M. I. A. Slogan, 1926-27

JANUARY, 1927

*"We stand for a testimony of the divine mission of Joseph Smith"*

As suggestions for material to be used in introducing the slogan at the weekly M. I. A. meetings, the Standards committee call attention to these items: For October, introductions the theme was, "How to obtain a testimony;" for November, "The Announcement of the restoration of the gospel;" for December, "The need of the restoration of the gospel;" for January, "The heavens are opened and the Lord speaks:"

1. Joseph Smith took for his text James 1:5: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him; but let him ask in faith, nothing wavering; for he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed. For let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord. A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways."

President B. H. Roberts has said, "And now came one to the grove, as to a solemn temple, to submit his mind and his will to God—man's highest act of worship, self-surrender."

That was the attitude of Joseph Smith. The result was that God recognized the faith, nothing wavering, and opened the heavens and, pointing to his Son, spake to Joseph, saying, "*This is my beloved Son. Hear him.*" Joseph's divine mission was begun.

2. In this same first vision, the Lord Jesus Christ gave to the Prophet Joseph the reasons for calling him; and they were given in answer to the Prophet's inquiry, "Which of all the sects is right, and which shall I join?" The Lord answered him that he must join none of them, for they were all wrong, and told him why: "They draw near to me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me. They teach for doctrine the commandments of men, having a form of godliness, but they deny the power thereof." (Read from *Pearl of Great Price*, "Writings of Joseph Smith," 2:15-19, inclusive.) This was a direct call to the Prophet Joseph Smith from a divine source; hence, following the instructions, his mission is divine. Well might those who heard his message and testimony exclaim, as the poet Pratt did:

"The morning breaks, the shadows flee;  
Lo, Zion's standard is unfurled;  
The dawning of a brighter day,  
Majestic rises on the world."

3. Some three years after the first vision, the Angel Moroni visited Joseph. "He called me by name, and said unto me that he was a messenger sent from the presence of God to me, and that his name was Moroni; that God had a work for me to do; and that my name should be had for good and evil among all nations, kindreds, and tongues, or that it should be both good and evil spoken of among all people." He also told him of the hiding place of the Book of Mormon plates. He quoted Bible scriptures, setting forth that the Priesthood would be revealed; and foreshadowed the great labor which the Latter-day Saints are now carrying out in their

work for the dead. All these predictions of work to be accomplished by the Prophet have been literally fulfilled in the achievements of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. It proves that Joseph's call was divine, and, his call being divine, it follows that his mission could not be otherwise than divine.

4. On May 15, 1829, while Joseph and Oliver were inquiring of the Lord respecting baptism for the remission of sins, a messenger from heaven, John the Baptist, acting under the direction of Peter, James and John, the apostles of Christ who held the keys of the higher, or Melchizedek, Priesthood, descended in a cloud of light, laid his hands upon them and conferred upon them the Priesthood of Aaron. Shortly thereafter Peter, James and John, the ancient apostles who held the keys of the higher, or Melchizedek, Priesthood, were sent by the Lord Jesus Christ to Joseph and Oliver, and conferred upon them the Melchizedek Priesthood, and ordained and confirmed them to be apostles and special witnesses of the name of Christ, and committed to them the keys of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ, "and a dispensation of the gospel for the last times; and for the fulness of times, in the which I [Jesus Christ] will gather together in one all things, both which are in heaven and which are on earth." (Doc. and Cov. 13; 27:1, 5-14.)

## Community Problems on Recreation

In view of the fact that reports of problems studied in local communities should be in the offices of the General Boards by March 1, 1926, it is very desirable that both stake and ward Recreation committees, who have not begun their studies, do so immediately. The monthly union meeting should be used by the committee on recreation for the purpose of outlining their methods of study. With such cooperation as might be secured through this meeting, a very comprehensive analysis of local situations may be expected. As a basis for this report read carefully *Bulletin No. 6*, or *Official Recreation Guide*, page 151-175. Brothers Claude C. Cornwall and W. O. Robinson, the field men, are ready to render any service by way of suggestions as to methods of study. Recreational projects to be taken up next year will depend upon this careful study of problems.

## What to do in January

The schedule of the M. I. A. work for January provides for special work for the Standards committee, who should be checking carefully upon the slogan and the reading course. For recognition for reading the whole Book of Mormon, see *Era* for December, also for method of keeping a monthly record of the reading, by obtaining a weekly report from each class, not only for the Book of Mormon, but also for all the other books in the course. Every association should endeavor to win recognition, in the form of a complete set of reading course books for 1927-28.

One night in the year, and that in January, stands out preeminently as an occasion for an M. I. A. social event. Call it the "Annual Gold and Green Ball," and feature the M. I. A. colors. See the *M. I. A. Year-Round Recreation Program* for 1926-27. Check on all preparations for this Gold and Green Ball, and concentrate your recreation forces in making this the social event of the year.

The Efficiency Report for January should be 100% in every department, and should be carefully looked after by the secretary. Forward it in time, so that a report from the whole Church, showing the status of the Y. M. M. I. A. in all the wards, may be obtained by the general office

in time for publication in the *Era*. It should be in the hands of the General Secretary by the 10th of February.

A second membership survey should be made also. Are all eligible young men enrolled?

The class work should be well along in all the manuals.

## First Fathers and Sons' Outing in Freiberg, Dresden Conference, Germany

The Fathers and Sons' day is observed throughout the entire Dresden conference, and was observed for the first time in the history of Germany, in the Freiberg branch, on the 1st of October, 1926. Forty-one fathers and sons attended. The fest was begun in the evening by playing



FATHERS AND SONS AT FREIBERG, GERMANY

Front row (sitting), left to right: D. A. Frame, president Freiberg branch; Rulon Jenkins; S. C. Campbell, president Dresden conference; Phillip Tadge, father of mission president; Fred Tadge, president German-Austrian mission; Harold Tadge, son of mission president.

a lively get-acquainted game, in which all took active part; then followed handshaking and a jovial "hello," and a good, old "Mormon" hymn before prayer. Attention was then turned to the tables heavily laden with all the delicacies that make one wish for more. The Relief Society of the branch prepared the repast, and served it to the hungry fathers and sons. David Frame acted as toast master, wishing all the participants something they already possessed; namely, a good appetite. A lively program was given during the dinner, alternating between fathers and sons. The sons paid high tribute to the fathers through a local representative; and the fathers, in turn, honored their sons in a speech by one of the old fathers of the branch. Mission President Fred Tadge, his father Phillip Tadge, who is on his third mission here, and his son, Harold Tadge, were present. President Tadge was the only man in the company who brought his father and also his son. It must have been quite a unique experience to come at the same time, as son and as father. President Tadge was in a position to speak to the fathers as a father, and to the sons as a son. Every father left with a

renewed desire to be a true pal to his son; and each son departed with the ambition of becoming like father. The fest truly fulfilled its purpose, by bringing father and son to a knowledge of each other's worth, and to a deeper and truer companionship. "We enjoy reading the *Era*, and extend our greetings and love to its readers."—*David Frame and Rulon Jenkins.*

## Well to the Front

The response to the plea for Life Memberships in the Y. M. M. I. A. has been gratifying in very deed throughout all the organizations. The First ward of Rigby, Rigby stake, Idaho, secured nineteen new Life Members in early October, raising their number from forty-two to sixty-one. Fifty-seven members were necessary to make the fund 100%. The ward claims it is the first in the Church to attain this record. All officers and teachers in the Y. M. M. I. A. are Life Members. This applies also to the high council, bishopric, and stake presidency members who reside in the ward. The Rigby stake has a Life Membership of 174 and is at present the leading stake in the Church in the matter of Life Memberships. The General Superintendency and General Board express their sincere appreciation and congratulate the officers and members.

## The Season's Greetings

The Rigby first ward M. I. A. sent the *Improvement Era* the Greetings of the Season, as follows:

We pray the prayer the Westerners do,  
May the peace of the Prophet abide with you;  
Wherever you stay, wherever you go,  
May a testimony of his divinity grow;  
Through days of labor and nights of rest,  
The love of the gospel make you blest;  
So we touch our hearts as the Westerners do,  
May the peace of the Prophet abide with you.

We need you every Sunday evening at 7:30.  
A Life Membership makes an ideal gift.

## Current Events

A STUDY FOR THE M. I. A. ADVANCED SENIOR CLASSES  
1926-27.

(Prepared by the Advanced Senior Committee)

LESSONS FOR JANUARY, 1927

*Suggestions for Advanced Senior Class Organization.*

1. There may be three Advanced Senior sections in one ward.
2. One Senior class may take the cream of the three lines of work—Theology, Science, and Current Events.
3. The Senior class may select a course of study with the consent of the General Board.
4. Classes may be taught by regular teachers or by special lecturers.
5. Sections may give socials at private homes.
6. Sections may hold open-forum sessions monthly.
7. Joint socials for members of all sections may be held monthly.



8. Joint open-forum sessions of all the sections may be held monthly.
9. Teachers may proceed with perfect freedom in using, and supplementing, the material given in the manuals.
10. Teachers of Current-Event sections are at liberty to substitute the material outlined in magazines.
11. It is unwise to attempt taking more than one subject on an evening.
12. All sections should have an organization that will relieve the teachers from discipline and propaganda.
13. At the union meeting exercises considerable success has been met by taking up the work of one division of Advanced Senior work at a time. i. e., one month consider the rational religion work, next month consider the heroes of science manual work and the next month consider the work of the current event section. In this way there is a common interest awakened in the work of the various sections.

## I—POLITICS AND INDUSTRY

### 1. *The Present Immigration Law.*

The problem of immigration is a very difficult one and has required a good deal of legislation in the last twenty-five to thirty years, and right now a committee of experts are endeavoring to work out the national origins of the American population, and base the immigration law on their findings.

The present law is based upon the Immigration Law of 1890, so as to give a bigger proportion to the northern European people and less to the southern. In the coming congress the question is likely to come up again. Inasmuch as a great many people are not satisfied with present conditions. If the law should be amended, as intimated by articles that have already appeared on the subject, it is likely that some countries will be reduced in numbers still further while others will be increased; for instance, Great Britain will have her number increased, while Germany will be decreased. The law now requires that the President make a proclamation of the national origin quota by April 1, next, and that if he fails to do so our present quotas will stand for another year.

*Questions:* What is your opinion on the immigration problem? How would greater or less immigration affect the labor problem in this country? What particular industrial interests are in favor of more lax immigration laws? What interests favor stricter laws? How does the present immigration law compare with the past? Why did congress in making the present law select the year 1890? Would you favor any change being made at the present time?

(Reference: *Salt Lake Tribune*, November 21. Article by Arthur Sears Henning.)

### 2. *The British Coal Strike.*

This strike has been going on for nearly a year. It is estimated that it has cost Great Britain upward of \$2,000,000,000 in shrinkage of exports; and national revenue, by more than \$4,000,000, besides adding to the floating debt of the country. The end of the strikes does not leave the miners any better off; in fact, they are worse off because they do not get an advance in wages and may have to take lower wages and longer hours. Terrible mistakes have been made on both sides in handling this great economic problem. While the government has attempted to escape alliance with either side, it has failed to bring about a compromise in the interest of the nation as a whole. The miners have suffered a great defeat and thus engendered bitterness on their part. No one seems to be entirely satisfied. It is manifestly impossible for the owners to continue to operate



at a loss, but it is equally impossible for the government to subsidize an industry, which, in brief, is what the workmen of England really demand. At the same time, however, it is not impossible for owners to meet the situation by a complete reorganization of the industry, thus bringing it back to a paying basis.

*Questions:* What is a strike? Who are the parties to a strike? What are stricter laws? How does the present immigration law compare with the past result of a strike such as the one mentioned above? Can we judge the justification of a strike by the willingness of the parties to arbitrate; that is, is the party willing to arbitrate right and the other party wrong? Are there more parties to a strike than simply the employer and the employee? If so, who are they and how are they affected? What has been the result of strikes in this country? Consult other references on the economic problem of strikes. See any book on the Principles of Economics.

(Reference: Article by Frank A. Simonds in the *Tribune*, November 21, 1926.)

### 3. *The National Tax Question Again.*

It appears from the report of Secretary Mellon that the Treasury Department will have a surplus this year of about \$250,000,000. As a result of this President Coolidge recommends a rebate or refund of from 10 to 12 per cent on the income tax payable this year on incomes for 1925. The Secretary would prefer to have it taken from the March returns of 1927. Some would have this amount applied to the government debt. Others believe that we ought to reduce our corporation tax and income tax on luxuries such as the automobile tax; and finally there are those who wish to use the surplus for more appropriations for public buildings, roads and other forms of work.

Notwithstanding this question ought to receive non-partisan consideration, the two great political parties are pitted against each other as usual in the handling of this tax situation. For instance, Senator Simmons, democratic leader of the Senate Finance Committee, takes the point of view that the real taxpayers are not principally those who make the returns; that is, that the bulk of them pass the tax on, in one way or another, to the consumers of the products, and therefore a tax ought not to be returned to the taxpayer; and Secretary Mellon takes just the opposite view. So we see there is a wide variance on the subject.

If Secretary Mellon's ideas are accepted, a single person without dependents who receives an income of \$2,000, and on which his present tax is \$5.63, would have a reduction of \$.70; and if \$10,000 (present tax 168.75) of \$21.09. A married person without dependents with an income of \$4,000 (present tax 5.63), would also receive a tax reduction of \$.70; and of \$10,000 (present tax \$101.25), of \$12.66. In other words, the amount of tax reduction in the lower brackets would be very little, while those of larger amounts, say \$1,000,000, would receive the greatest benefit for their refunds would range from \$12,000 to \$125,000.

*Questions:* What is a tax? What is an income tax? What kind of taxes have we in Utah? From what sources is most of the revenue, both for nation and state, received? What is the purpose of our present national income tax? How does it compare with the tax immediately after the War? Explain how it is that as the rate of taxes decreases the revenue from that source for the government seems to increase. Keep the discussion out of politics; discuss it principally on economic grounds.

(Reference: *Literary Digest*, November 20, 1926, pp. 9-11; *Commerce and Finance*, November 17, 1926, p. 2334.)

## II—ART AND LITERATURE

## Art Critic's Statement Causes Sensation

1. *Is Mona Lisa really in the Louvre?*

According to Emmanuel Bourcier, art expert in Paris, who has made a prolonged study of the picture, the original Mona Lisa, lost for so long has never been returned to the Lonore Gallery.

This has caused such a furore in art circles in Paris that a special meeting of the Museum's Council was called to go over all the facts pertaining to the discovery and return of the famous picture to the Lonore.

The custodian of the Lonore declares that there is no doubt that the Mona Lisa now in the Lonore is the original one. In the meantime the investigation goes on.

Who was Mona Lisa?

Tell something about the artist.

Tell of the loss and recovery of this famous picture—*Salt Lake Tribune*, November 22, 1926. (See picture of Mona Lisa and reference in December number of *Young Woman's Journal*.)

2. *Eugene O'Neill, A Great Playwright.*

This artist is one of the few living American playwrights who has won international recognition, his work having been produced in New York, Tokio, Copenhagen, and Manilla. A whole book has been published about him in the *Modern American Writers* series, as well as numerous magazine articles. These facts are sufficient to indicate that his achievements are of some importance, and the fact that there are few plays produced that are theatrically effective and have literary value as well should make us hail with delight one who combines both of these qualities. During the entire eighteenth century there were very few plays of this double merit, while the nineteenth century saw almost none until the last quarter, when the plays of Oscar Wilde, Barrie and Shaw were produced.

Eugene O'Neill is really the first fine flower of our American dramatic renaissance. His father was James O'Neill, a gifted actor, whose success in "Monte Cristo" will be remembered.

After many wanderings and much misguided education, he found himself in 1914, and entered Harvard to study play writing. In 1916 his first play was produced with some success and since that time he has given to the stage a succession of striking plays, nearly all marked by emotional strength, dramatic effectiveness, underlying beauty of spirit, and a daring disregard of conventional technique. Some critics call him a realist, but the wiser ones describe him as a dramatic poet. His play, "Beyond the Horizon," in 1920, won the Pulitzer prize for the season. O'Neill is looked upon in Europe probably as our leading dramatist, and certainly his plays have been more widely produced on the continent than those of any other American. Judging from his present status in the dramatic world, his critics predict a brilliant future for this young American playwright.

What are his principal plays?

Give a short sketch of his life.

Does his style of plays appeal to you?

In what way do his plays contribute to human life?

(Reference: See *World's Work*, November, p. 105; also *American Review of Reviews*, November, page 551.)

## III—SCIENCE AND INVENTION

1. *How Wars Will Come to an End.*

The inventor of dynamite thinks that terror alone must be depended upon to end war. He thinks that nothing short of making war as dangerous for the general as for the soldier, for the statesman as for the citizen, for the king as for the peasant, for the rich as for the poor, will ever end war. He thinks it probable that the spread of disease as a *war measure* will awaken men to a discontinuance of war. (*Reader's Digest*, October, 1926, or *Forum*, August 25.)

Would bottles of disease germs thrown from a flying machine be more terrifying than cans of dynamite?

Is terror a major or a minor peace force?

2. *Our War Loans.*

For the mathematical and diagrammatic description of our war loans and their payment. (See *Scientific American*, December, 1926, p. 432.) How much would come to each individual if our war loans should be divided among one hundred and ten million people?

3. *The United States in the Air.*

How do America, France, Germany and Great Britain rank with one another in Civil Aviation? (See *Literary Digest*, November 13, 1926, p. 23.) What is civil aviation?

4. *Noise Expense.*

It has been found that noise interferes with the efficiency of workers. Industry is learning that it pays to make work pleasant. Inventions for the elimination of noise are found to be great money savers. (See *Literary Digest*, November 13, p. 24.)

What is the estimated noise bill of industry?

What are the noise nuisances in your community that may be profitably abated?

5. *The Violinista.*

This is a mechanical violin, the history and description of which is given in *Scientific American*, December, 1926, p. 435.

Just a little more than a mile above Salt Lake City on Armistice Day, 1926, there swept by a current of air with a speed of 217 miles per hour, nearly twice the velocity of the wind that recently destroyed cities in Florida. What buildings would probably be left standing in the metropolis of Utah if the current had been deflected to the ground in Salt Lake Valley?

6. *Character Reading of Faces.*

This hoax is handled without gloves on page 446 of *Scientific American*, December, 1926. What is the complete headline of the article, and does it agree with the last paragraph?

7. *The Curse of Over Weight.*

Fat is a handicap in the race of life. The older one gets the more of a hindrance fat becomes. Practically all of the deaths under anaesthetics have occurred among the corpulent. How does fat affect the features, the form, the heart? (See *Literary Digest*, November 27, p. 25.)

8. *Scientific Humor.*

Professor in Physics Class: "Why is it that everything I tell you goes in one ear and out the other?"

"I didn't know it did, sir," said a voice in the back of the room.

"That's right, it doesn't," replied the professor; "sound can't pass through a vacuum." (*Science and Invention*, November, 1926.)

## Y. M. M. I. A. Statistical Report, November, 1926

STAKE	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and Class Leaders' Enrollment	Ad. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Ad. Junior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders' Attendance	Ad. Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Ad. Junior Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total
Alpine	1000	18	16	129	156	226		368	879	112	86	135		221	554
Bear River	489	12	8	68	86	47		88	289	43	55	25		55	178
Beaver	309	7	3	23	50	16	30	28	147	18	42	10		37	107
Benson	760	14	9	94	128	141	46	186	595	61	69	75	16	121	342
Box Elder	771	14	14	130	235	204	35	204	808	107	155	113	10	176	561
Cache	566	8	8	88	100	160		217	565	68	52	89		156	365
Carbon	590	10	7	63	80	43	32	82	300	40	66	27	26	59	218
Cottonwood	727	10	8	98	44	132	30	203	507	71	30	98	24	139	362
Deseret	493	12	12	97	156	104	20	150	527	75	95	63	14	106	353
Duchesne	297	10	4	10	3	4	5	5	27	5	6	2	2	7	22
Emery	476	9	5	39	20	85		95	239	28	12	45		80	165
Ensign	950	8	8	88	135	182	88	238	731	81	124	132	55	178	570
Garfield	308	8	4	31	36	24		32	123	22	27	16		18	83
Granite	1000	9	7	75	60	155	63	206	559	65	43	105	50	161	424
Grant	1400	14	14	141	113	270	51	348	923	105	95	192	35	273	700
Gunnison	279	7	7	48	68	66	28	77	287	42	46	44	31	27	190
Hyrum	500	10	7	59	84	85	24	77	329	40	50	49	18	63	220
Jordan	1011	16	13	103	131	192	40	299	765	83	79	119	26	218	525
Juab	337	5	5	38	74	66		98	276	39	56	38		35	168
Kanab	215	6	5	36	41	11	24	35	147	24	23	7	10	24	88
Liberty	1407	12	12	150	217	287	186	329	1169	120	144	196	131	264	857
Logan	597	11	8	86	57	103		200	446	63	34	65		143	305
Millard	344	8	6	49	62	62		73	246	44	46	47		63	197
Morgan	205	10	9	70	54	61	25	47	257	50	41	41	20	33	185
North Davis	462	7	6	51	37	82	18	125	313	43	28	47	18	83	219
North Sanpete	710	10	9	82	58	169	20	212	541	55	44	109	17	157	382
North Sevier	275	6	5	35	52	54		39	180	26	35	30		33	124
North Weber	594	13	13	102	37	123	7	220	489	81	23	69	7	151	331
Ogden	848	10	10	100	133	196	62	244	735	77	69	128	43	159	476
Oquirrh	495	6	6	69	61	93	10	151	384	55	48	49	5	104	261
Palmyra	490	8	8	69	125	94	40	181	509	54	68	68	26	142	358
Parowan	532	10	8	53	105	66	3	81	308	41	76	35	10	62	224
Pioneer	779	10	10	87	88	185	16	214	590	67	50	103	12	139	371
Roosevelt	343	12	8	61	67	31	46	45	250	50	58	28	46	55	237
St. George	680	14	9	91	132	118	64	119	524	67	66	75	31	89	328
Salt Lake	1072	13	13	145	140	198	119	233	835	115	87	138	78	159	577
San Juan	193	4	3	25	43	47	38	41	194	15	28	28	15	27	113
Sevier	354	6	4	39	37	80	42	84	282	30	20	62	19	67	198
South Sevier	372	8	5	42	53	8	15	68	186	33	35	4	7	41	120
Summit	467	12	7						374						266
Tintic	271	5	5	36	72	19	14	92	243	28	56	13	10	59	166
Uintah	410	10	9	75	118	128		134	455	58	78	110		93	339
Wayne	133	6	4	17	21	23	2	36	99	10	7	10	2	25	54
Weber	711	9	9	76	64	98	43	180	461	67	34	59	23	111	294
Bannock	240	7	6	37	78	28	9	67	219	33	36	21	5	17	112
Bear Lake	363	11	11	100	96	79		133	408	73	82	68		82	305
Boise	365	9	6						219						131
Curlew	124	10	7	41	62	63		50	176	30	31	13		32	106
Franklin	420	11	11	102	94	73		165	434	66	63	74		105	308
Fremont	657	14	14	111	204	181	52	171	719	80	158	117	21	131	507
Idaho	178	9	9	76	88	25	12	29	230	58	62	17	8	26	171
Idaho Falls	530	12	11	98	172	105	30	117	522	76	101	59	25	61	322
Lost River	80	3	3	20	35	14	32		101	16	17	6	20		59
Malad	311	7	7	64	60	76	12	134	346	46	70	57	4	84	261
Minidoka	224	8	5	35	63	38		38	174	20	43	25		34	131
Montpelier	365	13	12	77	73	78	12	109	349	58	54	49	3	84	248

STAKE	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and Class Leaders' Enrollment	Ad. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Ad. Junior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders' Attendance	Ad. Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Ad. Junior Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total
Oneida	360	11	11	111	102	63	17	138	421	99	82	54	15	125	375
Pocatello	561	10	10	106	81	86	16	168	457	77	70	83	11	115	356
Portneuf	258	9	9	74	56	45	23	91	289	50	42	21	13	57	183
Raft River	160	8	4	28	39	25	20	12	124	16	12	15	11	7	61
Rigby	521	13	10	109	123	79	41	85	437	60	83	40	24	48	255
Shelley	319	9	9	95	122	79	---	92	388	68	75	48	---	61	252
Twin Falls	210	6	5	25	53	30	---	59	167	15	41	17	---	30	103
Yellowstone	370	10	10	66	139	47	---	69	321	52	101	35	---	54	242
Lyman	220	8	8	57	84	70	4	72	287	39	66	55	4	60	224
Big Horn	325	7	2	---	---	---	---	---	98	---	---	---	---	---	29
Juarez	128	5	5	25	65	25	20	40	175	20	60	18	15	30	143
Alberta	380	11	11	99	102	154	33	133	521	81	71	107	28	94	381
Lethbridge	217	9	9	65	83	70	25	64	307	45	71	43	21	48	228
Los Angeles	526	16	8	67	83	179	21	24	374	52	43	114	15	22	246
Maricopa	410	8	8	77	78	115	9	133	412	62	71	78	7	98	316
Moapa	236	9	7	50	62	64	---	77	253	36	35	44	---	58	173
Snowflake	250	10	4	25	61	43	21	62	212	16	45	20	7	43	131
Star Valley	359	11	9	115	77	116	---	98	406	57	25	42	---	53	177
Taylor	400	6	6	72	96	108	42	66	384	51	70	67	24	45	257
Woodruff	335	6	5	38	55	57	12	67	229	28	44	32	7	34	145
Young	95	6	5	33	25	46	14	32	150	26	19	31	---	28	104
Calif. Mission	1046	34	21	122	206	146	9	103	586	103	146	111	7	84	451
N. W. States	298	22	6	34	31	14	8	---	87	30	16	12	---	---	58

## Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report, November, 1926

STAKE	Membership	Average Attendance	Recreation	Scout Work	M Men	Reading Book of Mormon	"Era"	Fund	Monthly Stake and Ward Officers' Mtgs.	Ward Officers' Meetings	Total
Alpine	9	6	8	7	9	4	10	7	8	8	76
Bear River	6	6	7	10	5	5	9	6	10	8	72
Beaver	5	10	5	2	5	5	2	2	7	5	48
Benson	8	6	6	6	5	3	5	5	6	6	56
Box Elder	10	10	10	7	7	6	8	8	10	10	86
Cache	10	6	10	10	8	5	9	7	10	8	83
Carbon	5	10	10	5	7	5	4	---	10	10	66
Cottonwood	7	10	10	10	10	5	4	4	10	10	80
Deseret	10	10	9	8	5	6	9	7	6	9	79
Duchesne	1	10	10	10	8	---	4	3	---	---	46
Emery	5	10	5	7	6	2	5	2	6	6	54
Ensign	8	10	10	10	10	7	9	6	10	10	90
Garfield	4	10	7	4	4	6	6	---	8	8	57
Granite	6	10	10	8	10	4	4	3	10	10	75
Grant	7	10	10	10	10	4	9	4	10	10	84
Gunnison	10	10	9	2	10	5	5	5	8	10	74
Hyrum	7	10	7	2	6	4	6	5	6	6	59
Jordan	8	10	10	9	6	4	4	4	8	8	71
Juab	8	6	10	6	8	7	9	6	8	8	76
Kanab	7	6	8	8	5	1	9	7	10	10	71
Liberty	8	10	10	10	10	6	8	6	10	10	88



STAKE	Membership	Average Attendance	Recreation	Scout Work	M Men	Reading Book of Mormon	"Era"	Fund	Monthly Stake and Ward Officers' Mgs.	Ward Officers' Meetings	Total
Logan -----	7	10	10	10	9	4	7	5	9	10	81
Millard -----	7	10	10	5	6	2	5	3	7	6	61
Morgan -----	10	10	8	---	5	7	9	10	7	7	73
North Davis ---	7	10	10	10	9	7	10	7	10	10	90
North Sanpete ---	8	10	9	10	8	6	6	6	9	8	80
North Sevier ---	7	10	8	10	7	3	5	3	4	8	65
North Weber ---	8	10	9	8	5	5	10	10	10	10	85
Ogden -----	9	6	10	10	8	8	9	9	10	10	89
Oquirrh -----	8	10	9	10	8	6	9	9	10	10	89
Palmyra -----	10	10	8	9	6	10	8	7	10	9	87
Parowan -----	6	10	7	2	8	2	4	1	6	8	54
Pioneer -----	6	6	10	6	9	6	7	4	10	9	73
Roosevelt -----	7	10	7	2	2	5	5	5	5	6	54
St. George -----	8	6	9	6	8	7	7	4	---	10	65
Salt Lake -----	8	10	10	10	9	4	6	8	9	10	84
San Juan -----	10	6	7	5	2	5	9	6	5	7	67
Sevier -----	8	10	10	10	8	6	8	8	8	6	83
South Sevier ---	5	10	6	1	1	4	5	3	5	6	46
Summit -----	8	7	5	5	4	3	4	5	1	6	48
Tintic -----	9	10	10	10	6	4	8	5	8	10	80
Uintah -----	10	10	10	3	8	10	8	5	10	8	82
Wayne -----	7	5	5	---	3	3	---	---	3	---	26
Weber -----	6	6	9	10	8	7	5	5	10	10	76
Bannock -----	9	5	6	5	3	2	6	6	10	7	59
Bear Lake -----	10	10	8	5	5	7	9	8	8	9	79
Boise -----	6	6	7	2	6	6	6	3	6	6	54
Curlew -----	10	6	4	3	3	5	10	10	10	6	67
Franklin -----	10	10	10	9	4	4	9	7	10	9	82
Fremont -----	10	10	10	10	7	8	9	8	10	10	92
Idaho -----	10	10	10	6	9	9	7	6	8	8	83
Idaho Falls ---	10	6	10	9	9	5	10	8	10	9	86
Lost River -----	10	6	10	10	7	3	10	4	10	10	80
Malad -----	10	10	9	10	6	8	9	7	10	9	88
Minidoka -----	8	10	8	6	8	5	7	6	6	10	74
Montpelier -----	10	10	8	4	5	6	8	7	6	8	72
Oneida -----	10	10	10	10	3	2	9	8	8	9	79
Potatello -----	8	10	10	10	8	7	10	8	9	10	90
Portneuf -----	10	6	10	2	4	5	6	7	7	6	63
Raft River -----	8	5	5	---	3	8	8	9	5	7	58
Rigby -----	8	6	7	7	5	5	8	7	8	7	68
Shelley -----	10	10	9	4	6	1	8	6	9	8	80
Twin Falls ---	8	6	8	4	4	5	5	5	7	7	59
Yellowstone ---	9	10	7	3	4	6	8	9	10	8	74
Lyman -----	10	10	8	5	7	5	8	6	9	7	75
Big Horn -----	3	3	3	2	2	5	5	3	1	3	30
Juarez -----	10	10	10	10	---	---	10	10	10	10	80
Alberta -----	10	10	9	1	8	7	9	6	9	10	79
Lethbridge -----	10	10	10	10	10	9	8	8	10	10	96
Los Angeles ---	7	10	10	10	10	4	4	3	10	10	78
Maricopa -----	10	10	10	10	9	9	9	9	10	10	96
Moapa -----	10	10	6	2	5	8	8	10	8	5	72
Snowflake -----	8	6	2	---	1	---	2	3	4	3	29
Star Valley ---	10	4	9	4	5	4	8	7	9	7	67
Taylor -----	10	10	8	8	10	10	9	10	10	10	95
Woodruff -----	7	6	9	8	4	4	5	5	5	7	60
Young -----	10	10	10	---	2	8	6	2	9	10	67
Calif. Mission	6	10	9	3	4	6	6	8	10	9	71
N. W. States	3	10	10	6	---	3	5	5	2	8	52



# Passing Events

*The last session of the 69th Congress convened Dec. 6, 1926, at noon.*

*The new chapel in the Alhambra ward, Los Angeles stake, California, was dedicated on Sunday, Dec. 5, 1926, by President Heber J. Grant.*

*The new temple at Mesa is practically completed. Elder Melvin J. Ballard reports that the building is expected to be ready for use in late January. The new structure is very imposing.*

*Albert H. Kempton was sustained as successor to Arthur S. Haymore, who was released from the office of bishop of the Gilbert ward, Arizona. The new bishop, Kempton, received as counselors William H. Millett and Alfred H. Nichols.*

*Dominik Balzzo, 35 years old, a miner, was found dead in Park City, Utah, Dec. 14, 1926, in an alley, frozen to death. On the previous day, the mercury had dropped to 8 degrees below zero, and the man had been seen drinking, it is said. Alcohol inwardly applied is evidently no protection against a low temperature.*

*Mrs. Leona Gudmanson won the Heber J. Grant Religious Essay prize at Brigham Young University on November 22, President Grant's birthday. Norma Christenson won second, and Anna Smoot third place. The prize will be a book autographed by President Grant, according to Professor T. Earl Pardoe, who had charge of the contest.*

*Leadership Week is announced for Brigham Young University, January 24 to 28 inclusive. The central theme of the week this year will be: Youth in the Modern World. There will be 21 short courses offered, among them being several which are given this year for the first time. These courses are open to everyone and are given free.*

*The Rhodes scholarship this year goes to Paul C. Kimball, 23, son of Don Carlos and Marie A. C. Kimball, 1432 Eleventh East Street, he having been selected as 1926 Rhodes scholar for Utah by the Rhodes scholarship committee. Mr. Kimball will enter Oxford university, at Oxford, England, in October, 1927, and will study economics. The scholarship carries an annual stipend of \$1,960.*

*Germany is now one of the great powers whose duty it is to preserve the peace of the world through the instrumentality of the Permanent Court of International Justice. Herr Stresemann, on behalf of his country, signed the protocol Dec. 10. The acceptance by Germany of the principles for which that court stands may be considered a distinct gain by the world court, and the cause of peace.*

*A beautiful snow storm with low temperature terminated an unusually mild Autumn in Utah, on Dec. 12. At 7 o'clock in the evening five inches had fallen in Salt Lake City, and the thermometer showed 27 degrees above. At midnight it had fallen to 21 degrees. Ranch owners and business men generally welcome the snow. The supply in the mountains is said to be unusually large for this time of the year.*

*The imperial conference in London held its final session, Nov. 23, 1926, after a session lasting five weeks. Its main achievement was a declaration defining the status of the dominions. This declaration has been called the Magna Charta of the dominions. It is recognition of*

their autonomy within the empire. India, however, is not recognized as a "dominion," and there is, consequently, dissatisfaction in that country.

*Seminole Indians in Florida desire citizenship*, according to a communication to President Coolidge, published on Nov. 27, 1926. Chief Tony Tommy writes that more than 300 of his people have authorized him to express their desire to swear allegiance to the United States government and become citizens. This is a radical departure from the traditional attitude of the Seminoles, who have always scorned all attempts to approach in a friendly spirit.

*Diplomatic relations with Mexico* will be broken off if American property in Mexico is confiscated under the terms of the alien land and oil laws, which go into effect in January, 1927. The value of the property involved is estimated at a billion dollars. The relations between the two countries are aggravated by the suspicion that Mexico is implicated in the rebellion in Nicaragua in pursuance of the Mexican policy of domination in Central America.

*Elder Melvin J. Ballard and party* of auxiliary group convention visitors went to Colonia Juarez, in Chihuahua, Mexico, and dedicated and broke ground for the erection of a mechanic arts building for the Juarez stake academy, on November 14. They held meetings in El Paso, and on their return trip they went to Virden, New Mexico, and to Thatcher, Arizona, where meetings were held November 20 and 21, returning to Salt Lake City Nov. 23.

*A storm, accompanied by earthquakes, waterspouts, thunder, rain, snow and hail* harassed southern California, Dec. 8, 1926, and the following night. At Santa Monica a funnel-shaped cloud, cyclonic in appearance, picked up columns of water from the ocean about four miles out, while on shore heavy rain, punctuated by sharp flashes of lightning, fell over the bay district. Two waterspouts were reported from the vicinity of Catalina Island, disappearing over the eastern end of Long Beach.

*Patriarch Ole Nelson Stohl*, Brigham City, passed away at his home in that city, Nov. 13, 1926, at the age of 91 years. He was born near Malmoe, Sweden, Nov. 9, 1835. On Jan. 16, 1854, he joined the Church by baptism. For six years he engaged in missionary labors, under many difficulties, as was the case in those early days. His efforts, however, were crowned with considerable success. On April 14, 1862, he emigrated, with a large company of Saints, and arrived in Salt Lake City, Sept. 22, 1862.

*Our policy as regards the Permanent Court of International Justice* was defined by President Coolidge in an address on Armistice day, at Kansas City, Mo. He called attention to the fact that much misrepresentation had resulted in misconception of its principles and objects. And then he said he did not intend bringing the question before the Senate. The resolution passed must be accepted as it stands. This is a perfectly consistent attitude. It now depends on the powers already interested in the Court, whether they desire our co-operation or not.

*John E. Hayes, registrar* Brigham Young University, in a report shows that 626 women and 621 men have registered for work in the five colleges of the institution during the Autumn quarter. Women hold the majority in three colleges, while men have the majority in the other two. Of the 1,247 students registered during the Autumn quarter, 472 are freshmen; 349 are sophomores; 182 are juniors; 133 are seniors; 55 are specials; 35 are unmatriculated; 17 are graduate students; and four have not returned their cards.

*Adolfo de la Huerta* for president in Mexico is the object of the revolu-

tionary movement in that country, according to a statement to the press, dated Los Angeles, Nov. 18. It is claimed that more than 20,000 men are under arms against the Calles regime, and that Mexicans are fighting in the ranks of the Yaqui Indians. Huerta became president in 1920, when the Carranza government was overthrown, and stepped out when Alvaro Obregon was elected president. There is little doubt that Huerta has the support of the clerical party.

*The poultry business*—The value of poultry and poultry products marketed in Utah last year increased to \$3,600,000. Interest in the poultry business has been stimulated by the Utah Agricultural Experiment Station. The Third Intermountain Egg-Laying Contest in Utah is being conducted by Byron Alder, station poultryman and superintendent of contest, and started November 1, 1926, with forty entries, each containing ten competing pullets and two alternates. The contest will continue until October 30, 1927. Four hundred and eighty pullets are entered; 5,966 eggs were produced in November.

*Interallied control of German armaments will cease* on Jan. 31, 1927, according to an important agreement at Geneva, Dec. 12, 1926, between M. Briand, Herr Gustav Stresemann, Sir Austin Chamberlain, M. Vandervelde, Signor Scialoja, and Viscount Ishii, the representatives of France, Germany, Great Britain, Holland, Italy and Japan, respectively. Should protests be made to the League of Nations that Germany is not fulfilling the conditions of the Versailles treaty, investigation will be made by commissions appointed by the League. This arrangement appears satisfactory to both Germany and France, and is another demonstration of the value of the League of Nations as an instrument of peace.

*Bishop James R. Price*, of Phoenix ward, Arizona, was sustained as the new stake president of the Maricopa stake, Arizona, at the conference of the stake, held Nov. 7, 1926. President James W. Lesueur, who has been president of the stake for the last fifteen years, and his two counselors, Orley S. Stapley and John Cummar, of Mesa, were honorably released. The re-organization took place under the direction of Elders Stephen L. Richards and Melvin J. Ballard, of the Council of the Twelve. Former President Lesueur was sustained as a member of the stake high council. Elder George F. Price was selected as the new bishop of Phoenix ward, with George F. McDonald and Golden Driggs as counselors.

*Joseph McKenna, retired justice of the supreme court*, died in Washington, Nov. 21, 1926. Born in Philadelphia, August 10, 1843, of Irish parentage, Joseph McKenna was but 12 years old when his family crossed the continent and made Benicia, Cal., their home. There he attended public school and was graduated in law from the Benicia collegiate institute. He was elected district attorney of Solano county in 1866, just one year after his graduation. After two years in the lower house of the California legislature, he made two unsuccessful campaigns for election to congress. In the third trial he won, and served in the forty-ninth and three succeeding congresses. President McKinley placed him upon the bench of the supreme court to succeed Justice Stephen K. Field of California.

*California-bound tourists were trapped by a blizzard*, Dec. 1, 1926, in Montgomery pass, in the Sierras, near Tonopah, Nevada, and were saved from death by cold and hunger by two old-time "mushers," who effected their rescue. The caravan consisted of 31 automobiles with two score of travelers. For two days they remained snowbound in the pass without food, and they burned trunks and various personal effects in a futile effort to keep warm. Meanwhile, Dan Haskin and Bill Farrington were pushing through to Bishop, Nevada, with the motor stage, though the snow was two

feet deep in places. Finally they came upon 22 of the stranded cars, and, later, 9 more, almost buried in the snow. By the aid of these two men a trail was broken to Burton, where the tourists were fed and taken care of. The Denner party, in 1846, was trapped 200 miles north of the Montgomery pass. The unfortunate members of that party were snow-bound for six months, during which 39 of the 87 perished, and the survivors had lived on the dead bodies of their comrades.

*John M. Browning, of Ogden, died, Nov. 26, 1926, at Herstals, near Liege, Belgium, of heart-failure. His body was brought to Ogden for burial. He was born in Ogden, Utah, Jan. 23, 1855; son of Jonathan and Elizabeth C. (Clark) Browning. His first American ancestor was William Browning, who in 1622 came over from England in the ship *Abigail* and settled in Elizabeth City (Newport News), Va. His father, Jonathan, was born in Tennessee and lived in Iowa, where he was a blacksmith and gunsmith until 1852, when, having joined the "Mormon" Church, he settled in Ogden. The boy, John, received his education in the public school and acquired mechanical skill by helping his father in the smithy. When he was 13 years of age he made his first gun. His first model of a new gun was patented in 1880, and after he and his brother, Matthew, had made 600 of them by hand, it was sold to the Winchester Firearms company, and marketed for many years as the Winchester single-shot rifle in calibers from 22 to 45. In the last few years Mr. Browning worked steadily, developing his anti-aircraft gun and his new type of double-barreled shotgun. On the occasion of his seventieth birthday his friends revealed that he had twelve patents on firearms pending in Washington.*

*President Heber J. Grant passed the 70th milepost on his life's remarkable journey on Nov. 22, 1926, and received numerous congratulations from friends at home and all over the world. In the evening a dinner party was held in his honor at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Ashby D. Boyle, where members of the family and the Church authorities and others were present. A unique gathering was held on the evening of Nov. 21, in the Assembly Hall, under the auspices of the foreign-language organizations and the associated newspapers of the Church. The hall was profusely decorated with flowers and flags, and long before the appointed time it was filled in every available corner by friends eager to see and listen to their beloved Church leader. The invocation was offered by Elder Adam L. Peterson, and the closing prayer by President Rudger Clawson. Greetings were read in seven different languages—Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Swiss-German, Dutch, Mexican and Armenian. Addresses were made by President Grant, Dr. John A. Widtsoe, President Rulon S. Wells, and Elder J. M. Sjodahl. Singing and music were furnished by German and Dutch choir, a Swedish male chorus, a Danish soloist, and a Norwegian trio, flute, violin and piano. It was, undoubtedly, the first gathering of its kind attempted in the Church, and it was generally thought to have been very enjoyable.*

*James Albert Anderson, one of the prominent figures in the civic, Church and industry circles of Utah, died at his home in Morgan City, Utah, November 18, 1926, of pneumonia, 51 years of age. He was born in Peterson, Morgan Co., Feb. 22, 1874. After being graduated from the Brigham Young Academy, Logan, he engaged in the produce business, and, in 1904, established the Morgan Canning Co., which now operates the largest pea packing factory in the United States. Mr. Anderson had long been a community leader of Morgan. In 1903 he was elected to the state legislature and was reelected in 1905 and 1907. He took considerable interest in education and sponsored a public speaking contest in Morgan, for which he offered prizes. He was a lifelong member of the L. D. S. Church and was at one time bishop of the North Morgan ward. Surviving*

Mr. Anderson are his widow, Martha Soda Heiner Anderson; a son, Lane Marcel, 8, and a daughter, Alice, 4, and four brothers. Funeral services were held in the Morgan Tabernacle Nov. 21; the place was filled to overflowing. Floral tributes were sent from all parts of the United States.

*Eight missionaries in California were injured* on Thanksgiving day, according to a letter received, Dec. 1, 1926, at the office of the First Presidency. They were standing on a street corner in the city of San Jose, waiting for a street car, when an autoist drove in among them. President Stephen L. Chipman of Alpine stake, who is filling a short-term mission, suffered cuts on the head and body, a fractured rib, a broken ankle and fractures in other bones of the foot. Mrs. Chipman was badly bruised and upset. Elder Loyal Carter of Provo suffered three broken ribs, a cut on the head, a broken vertebra and is in serious condition in a California hospital. Miss Guelda Mae Elsmore of American Fork, suffered a fractured skull and was rendered unconscious. Miss Donna Davis of Lehi was bruised, and others slightly injured were Elder E. B. Hawkins of American Fork, Elder Delbert Fugal of Pleasant Grove, and Elder Daniel L. Corry of Cedar City.

## Presiding Patriarch Visits East Iowa Conference

On October 13, 1926, at Davenport, Iowa, the East Iowa conference was held. Hyrum G. Smith, presiding patriarch of the Church was present. Many of the Saints came from out of town to attend, one man coming more than two hundred miles. He came to be baptized. The conference marked the close of a very successful season in the country, where the elders had been greatly blessed during their Summer work. Many branches of activities increased this year; there were more baptisms than before, and we have hopes the good work will continue. Elder Utah Thompson, a wonderful help to us here, was transferred to preside over West Iowa conference. Elder Rich, from Southern Indiana, soon arrived to take the place of President Lloyd A. Davis. The elders were assigned to their fields of labor, in Waterloo, Cedar Rapids, Rock Island and Davenport. The elders express their thanks for the cooperation and help received through the *Improvement Era*.—Lloyd A. Davis, President East Iowa conference.



ELDERS OF EAST IOWA CONFERENCE

Front row, left to right: Rineldo L. Borg, Los Angeles, California; Hyrum G. Smith, Presiding Patriarch of the Church; John H. Taylor, president of the Northern States mission; Lloyd A. Davis, conference president, Blackfoot, Idaho; Norman L. Jacobson, Los Angeles, California. Back row: Ben M. Doty, Richmond, Utah; Melvin Powell, Cedarview, Utah; Wm. D. Atkinson, Teton, Idaho; Henry M. Day, Draper, Utah; Utah Thompson, president West Iowa conference, Price, Utah; Jay L. Johnson, Salt Lake City.



# The New Year

With regrets I turn from the dead year's bier;  
 With hope in my heart I greet the New Year,  
 And though winds be cold  
 And days be drear,  
 There is warmth in my heart  
 For the new-born year;  
 For every new year presents to me  
 Jewels of Opportunity!

Rock Island, Illinois.

A. HENDERSON.

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## HUMOROUS HINTS

"Are you Hungary?"

"Yes, Siam."

"Den Russia to the table and I will Fiji."

"All right, pour my coffee and Denmark my bill."—L. F.

\* \* \*

*First Flapper:* "Is that sheik tight?"

*Second Flapper:* "I'll say so, you would have to sue him to make him pay a compliment."—N. G. S.

\* \* \*

*Doctor:* "Your husband is in a critical condition—do you give permission to use a local anesthetic?"

*Wife of patient:* "I certainly do. I believe in patronizing home industry."—L. F.

\* \* \*

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*Grocer:* "What do you want them for?"

*Small Twin:* "Mama told us not to poke any beans up our noses while she was gone and we can't find any in the pantry."—D. C. R.

\* \* \*

*Teacher:* "Who can tell me what is meant by nutritious food?"

*Timmy:* "Something to eat what ain't got no taste to it."—D. C. R.

*Teacher:* "Bound the United States, Johnny."

*Johnny* (who had not learned his lesson): "There is no north, no south, no east, no west, it's all 'our glorious country'."—D. C. R.

\* \* \*

*How About It?—Mother:* "Kitty, I heard you telling Harry that you flew through the air once. Good little girls never tell stories."

*Kitty, aged six:* "Well, mama, you say the stork brought me."—D. C. R.

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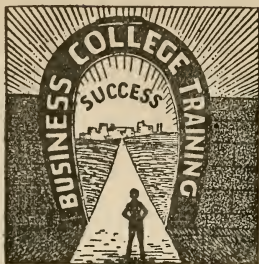
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\* \* \*

Chief: "What are the three items of food most needed by humans?"

Gob: "Breakfast, dinner and supper."

Chief: "Give the names of five arctic animals?"

Gob: "A seal, a walrus and three polar bears."—J. W. H., Oakland, Calif.

\* \* \*

In these flapperish days many a worried married man wakes up to the fact that his wife is not a helpmeet, but merely a help-'im'eat.—L. T. C.

\* \* \*

She: "Wonder what's the reason that Jones looks so doleful?"

He: "Plenty of reason, he owns a hair-pin factory."—D. C. R.

\* \* \*

City Cousin to Uncle Hiram at country wedding: "The wedding was perfectly grand, I was glad to see Ella and her husband start off in a veritable ecstasy."

Uncle Hiram: "Huh! that was the old Ford I had painted over for them."—D. C. R.



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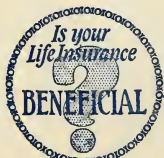
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